FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

"TripleX" — the safety glass

THE SPHERE, JULY 22, 1944
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/6

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXVIII No. 2322 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 22 1944

Bulmer's

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

CHAMPAGNE CIDER

MADE BY THE AUTHENTIC CHAMPAGNE PROCESS

Obtainable at all the best Hotels and Restaurants

Grant's Scotch Whisky

McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

GREYS CIGARETTES

Just honest-to-goodness tobacco

"WARDONIA" BLADES

FOR BETTER SHAVES.

SOLD BY N.A.A.F.I. CANTEENS

YOUR BEST REWARD

Bass

TRADE MARK

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

UNITED BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY Ltd.

BYRON HOUSE, 7/9, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Office : Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

STANDARD CARS

Remembered with satisfaction

Anticipated with pleasure!

Standard cars are proving themselves in essential transport work. Count them on the road.

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY

"AS IT LEAVES ME" ....

LETTER-WRITING is at once the most personal and the most general form of written communication. It finds its greatest expression in time of war. Yet few there will be who realise when they sit down to write to husband, son or brother overseas, or to sweetheart or wife from camp or billet, that they are profiting by the service of the chemist and the chemical industry. The writing-paper first. High quality paper is made from rags which must be boiled under pressure with caustic soda to remove grease, pulped and then bleached with chloride of lime. Ordinary paper comes from chemically treated wood, the chips being boiled in caustic soda, sodium sulphite or bisulphites of calcium and magnesium. All writing-paper is "sized"—either by adding rosin alum or by dipping in a solution of gelatine—to render it ink-proof. Blotting paper which must absorb ink is not sized. Opacity and a smooth surface are given by loading with kaolin or calcium or barium sulphate. The tint or colour of the paper is the product of synthetic dyes. In short, your writing-paper is itself a synthesis of chemicals and chemically prepared ingredients. So, too, is your ink, whether in pot or fountain-pen, and a pretty problem inks of various kinds set the chemist. They must be free-flowing and fadeless, must penetrate without spreading or leaving a deposit, and they must not corrode the pen. Modern inks are carefully prepared mixtures of organic acids and iron salts, and derive their initial colour from highly complex synthetic dyes. The brilliant range of coloured inks used for contrast purposes depends mainly upon aniline dyestuffs for effect. Finally, your fountain-pen is probably as compact of chemistry as any other article of similar size—the plastic case, the rubber ink-bag, the iridium-tipped gold-alloy nib, the colouring matter. If our pens could speak or our letters write they could tell a surprisingly long and intricate story of the chemical research which went to their production.

ICI

Volume CLXXVIII No. 2322 The SPHERE, London, July 22, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

IN THE CAPTURED TOWN OF CAEN: THE SCENE OF DEVASTATION IN ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS JUST AFTER THE ENTRY OF THE ALLIED ARMY: A bulldozer (seen at work on the right) has just cleared a passage through the rubble

Most of the war correspondents who have visited Caen since its capture have commented on the amount of damage wrought in the town during the fighting. One has referred to it as "a ghastly cemetery"; it has been stated that 5,000 civilians perished as a result of the bombardments and bombings by both sides, although some 10,000 citizens still remained to greet the Allied Army as it entered the town. The northern suburbs of Caen are a shambles, with rubble blocking most of the roads; and much of the central area is in ruins, although there are quarters where a good number of houses are still standing. Caen is not so totally blotted out as was Cassino; but it is a junction for twelve major roads and, therefore, had to withstand heavy bombardment. Bulldozers were at work soon after the Allied entrance, clearing a way through the rubble, and life is now returning, despite the proximity of the Germans in the suburb of Vaucelles, across the Orne River

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

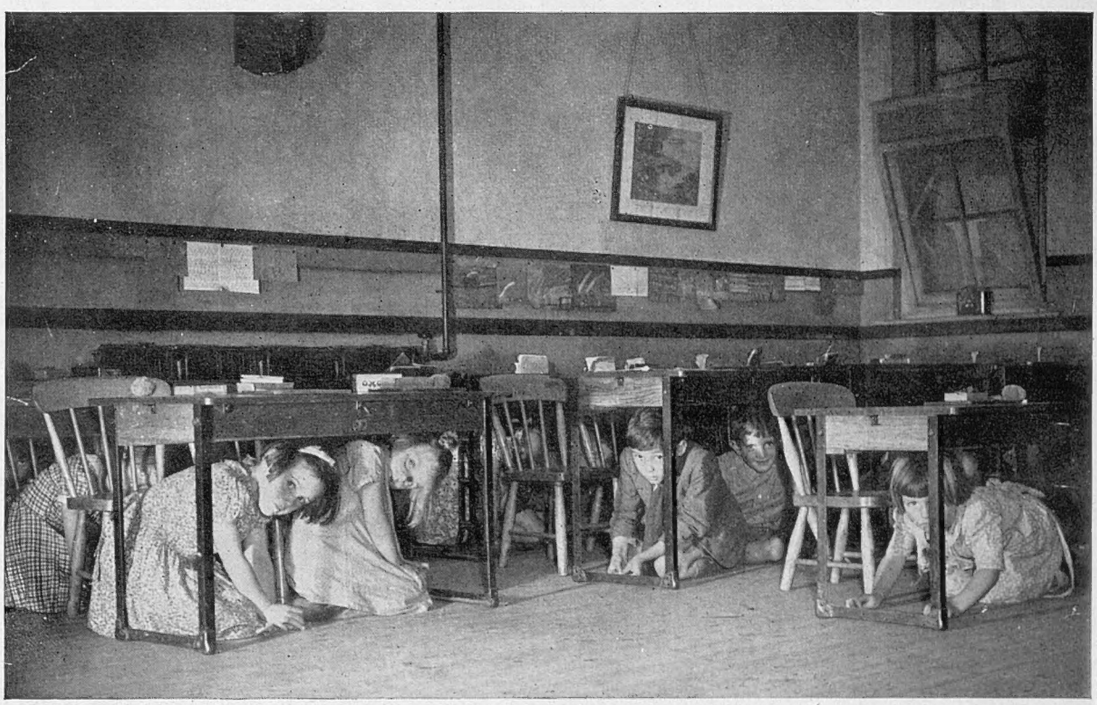
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 255

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

Caen.—The British turn now. Caen and Vilna, Volterra and La Haye, all illustrate the true meaning of co-operation and brotherhood in life and war. If everybody does his best to help the common cause, the common cause advances all along the line. Some work with big scythes, some with sickles, some with pruning knives. It depends on the locality in which they work, and on the obstacles before them. Between them, they clear the mess away. And whether you measure the advance here or there with a foot-rule or a yard-stick, whether you weigh the results in cauldrons or pannikins, the workmen who did the job are all alike for praise and in glory. The common cause, most distinctly and indeed swiftly, advances. The common enemy is pushed back every day into a narrower ring. To-day the Allies take in a reef at Caen, to-morrow at Leghorn; the day after perhaps Kovno or Coutances and soon enough Konigsberg and Elboeuf. If the big ruler seems to measure swifter progress than the small (and, in fact, it has), the events in Italy and Normandy are not an iota less important. Indeed, the Russian windmill takes its wind from the West and South. And the swiftness of the Red Army's progress must turn the heart of the most pessimistic of students of war. Let him look back in his diary not a matter of months but weeks and let him note how far away (only yesterday) seemed East Prussia and retribution. If he keeps a parallel diary, he will see that just about a year ago the Allies ventured to invade Sicily. The affair marches, trots, nay, gallops.

Napoleon and His Pop-gun.

—In a famous passage dealing with the last days and punishment of a tyrant who bathed the world in blood—Napoleon—H. G. Wells wrote: "Until, as Victor Hugo said in his tremendous way, 'God was bored by him' and he was kicked aside into a corner to end his days, explaining how clever his worst blunders had been, prowling about his dismal island shooting small birds and squabbling meanly. . . ." There may be no direct evidence from inside Germany that the Germans are yet bored with Hitler. Their patience perhaps is greater than God's. But we may reasonably assume that Hitler knows now that God has got bored with him. And since his future is uncertain and his favourite sport still appeals to him, he is making the most of it before the close season comes. There he is prowling with his pop-gun over against Southern England!—but to the East Stalin and his avenging armies are battering at the gates of Konigsberg. This Stalin was one of those blunders the cleverness of which he has for a year and more been at pains to "explain"; and quite successfully within the Reich, at the point of the pistol at least. But his explanations no longer convince *himself*. Once he had the world at his feet. (To quote from the same passage): "There lacked nothing to this great occasion but a noble imagination. And failing that, he could do no more than strut upon the crest of this great mountain of opportunity like a cockerel on a dung-heap. The figure he makes in history is one of almost incredible self-conceit, of callous contempt and disregard of all who trusted him, and of a grandiose aping of Cæsar, Alexander and Charlemagne which would be purely comic if it were not caked over with human blood." Perhaps some of the forty Generals and half-million soldiers whom he has sacrificed since D-Day, see him now not as Cæsar, but as a dung-heap cockerel. Certainly the rest of the world see the man Hitler clearly to-day: the shadow of a scarecrow Cæsar, prowling about his dismal (and diminishing) island with a pop-gun and a bagful of explanations of his own cleverness which somehow went wrong.



THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG IN "SOUTHERN ENGLAND." One blast from the whistles of the spotters on the roof, and the very young pupils take cover beneath their desks in the classrooms. Most of the children's homes have been hit by the flying bombs. The spotters at this school are seven senior pupils, who work on a half-hourly rota

Some Lessons from a Famous Speech.

—The Premier's first pronouncement to the public on the flying-bomb trouble is ancient history now. But I find worth recording one or two of several lessons I learned from a study of it. As usual in the past two years, Mr. Churchill rested the full weight of his confidence on the grit and patience of the Nation or that part of it most affected by this trial. He was deliberately sombre and made no promises of a cure or even of speedy relief. He was far from minimising the evil. He made no direct condemnation of this new instance of deliberate mass-murder, coolly conceived and executed by the Nazis; did not try to hold it up to our Allies or the neutral world as a crime demanding either officially-spoken condemnation or a united compact to exact punishment or secure reprisal. He appealed to none and to nothing but to our own nation and its grit and patience. He has long since learned the lessons that come from war-to-the-death with barbarians, in a ring formed by frightened, wobbling neutrals, and over-busy Allies. People may have wondered why he did not bring this nameless crime to the notice of (say) the Pope or of Stalin (in case either might feel it a suitable occasion for a diplomatic or a threatening hint to Hitler). The Premier is a wise statesman who knows what a perfect example of the hate-vendetta is bombing from the air; and how little threats, boasts or reprisals can destroy the morale of virile nations or alleviate the crimes or turn the hearts of savages. We knew what was coming to us (or should have known) when we launched our great air offensive against German industry—which has done so much to bring Victory nearer. And the nation is ready to pay for victory and to pay a high price for every day saved from World War. Nor did the Premier waste words on pointing out the *follies* of the enemy in thus robbing his armies of air support in order to pay a debt of vengeance for the sufferings of civilians in the Reich from our strategic bombing. That waste of words is for lesser men (like myself) or for that egregious ass on the B.B.C. who (whether or not instructed by the M.O.I.) embroidered the announcement that Rundstedt had been superseded in command in the West with an elaborate and scornful explanation of the "folly" of this change. Who knows yet, until the new commander has got to work, whether it *is* strategic folly and whether Montgomery *is* so pleased with the change? Only a fool believes his enemy to be a fool. Such jeers about the acts and decisions of an unbeaten and very dangerous enemy are not for wise statesmen; and they are of doubtful value and taste from the tongues and pens of the smaller fry. There may be some excuse when such remarks are couched as arguments for consolation. There is no excuse for aimless jeers.

The True Value of V.1.—

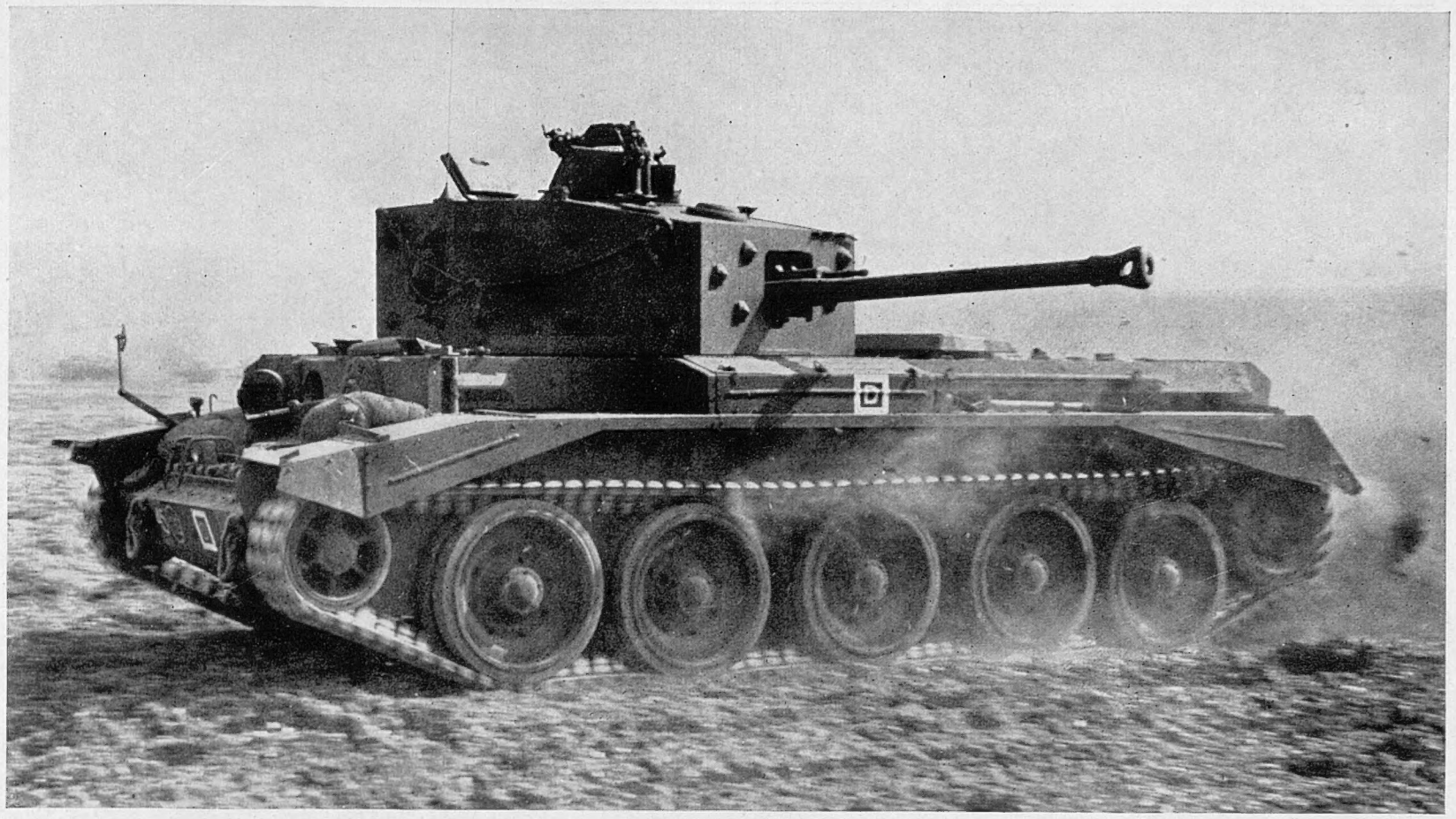
If I read aright one particular sentence in the Premier's flying-bomb speech (and it may have been intentionally obscure), it gave the information that a very high proportion of the casualties caused in the first fortnight of the flying-bomb campaign had been exacted from the area of Greater London, an area about 18 miles square. This deduction establishes two facts. First, that the weapon, aimed vaguely to fall within a closely built-up target area, can hardly fail to secure "results" of some sort for every bomb which gets through. That was always obvious. What was less obvious was the poorness of such results. Every bomb fired into the target area of London averaged one victim at first, when the device was a novelty. Some shrewd insurance men early in the war of 1914 made their fortunes by the discovery that even in the heart and centre of London the proportion of open space to bricks and mortar is preponderantly high. And although Science has greatly increased since 1918 the blast effects of explosives, that fact is still relevant. But a proportion of the missiles was deliberately directed outside the London target area. And in regard to these, the figures seem to show that the expense of time and labour and money, and diversion from serious war effort, can have had not even a mild return as a nuisance value. The dividend from V.1, in so far as it was directed outside the London target area, must have been too small to indicate even in groups of decimals per cent. This is interesting both as another damning proof of indiscriminate murder by the Nazis—if such were needed—and also in any calculations of the effect of further secret weapons fired at great ranges. Only an enormous target, closely built-up all through, could possibly bring in a dividend of any sort to justify such elaborate diversions from serious warfare. All such devices, it seems clear mathematically and coldly assessed must be regarded as the devices of amateurs in war, or as the last wild slashings of a dying tiger's paws.

Fidele.—The present phase of the war has greatly curtailed the "gentlest art." People write fewer letters. "Fan mails" are rationed. I hear less than usual of the opinions of my friends and correspondents. Letters still come to me, and I exchange opinions with my neighbours. Among these opinions there is much optimism that somehow or other the war with Germany will end this year. Myself, I think it would be unwise for those whose black-out material needs urgent repair before winter, to neglect those repairs. In a word, I think the best attitude of mind for living men is that struck in Shakespeare's *Fidele*. To be alive to the prosecution of the war, but dead to hope and fear, to joy or moan.

"Fear no more the lightning flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone
. . . . . .
Thou hast finished joy and moan."

The horrors of this hour are not to be described. Millions of men and women are living under constant expectation of death. Millions more, perhaps in harder case, live in constant dread of hearing of the death of those they love most. There is nothing to read of but destruction and barbarity, nothing to talk or think of but methods to increase destruction or ward it off. The best brains of Science are devoted to the means of destroying life and restoring hope and life to those who have barely escaped death. And the fog of war and the mists of uncertainty hang over all. In such circumstances philosophy and cheerfulness are commendable, indeed, and rare virtues. But optimism, excellent in itself, must be based on something tangible, if it is to be more than wishful thinking. We have perfect faith in victory in the end. What it will cost, and how we shall use it when we have it, we do not know yet. Already the cost has been past counting and beyond the wildest guess; and the future of civilisation is still (for all our plans and talks) based on conditions which we cannot possibly foresee. In this (temporary) hell it is best to be finished with joy and moan, hope and doubt, and to fear no more the all-dreaded thunderstone. That's easy to say, harder to practise. Still, we should try.

THE OLD STAGER

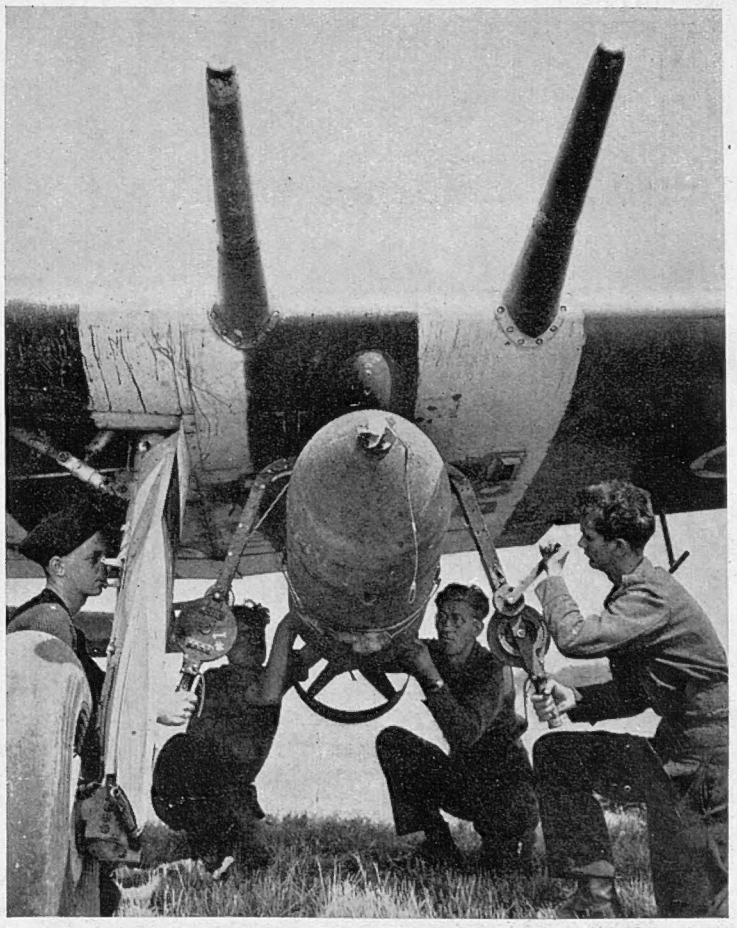


TWO NEW ALLIED TANKS
– And the Typhoon "with the Punch of a Cruiser"

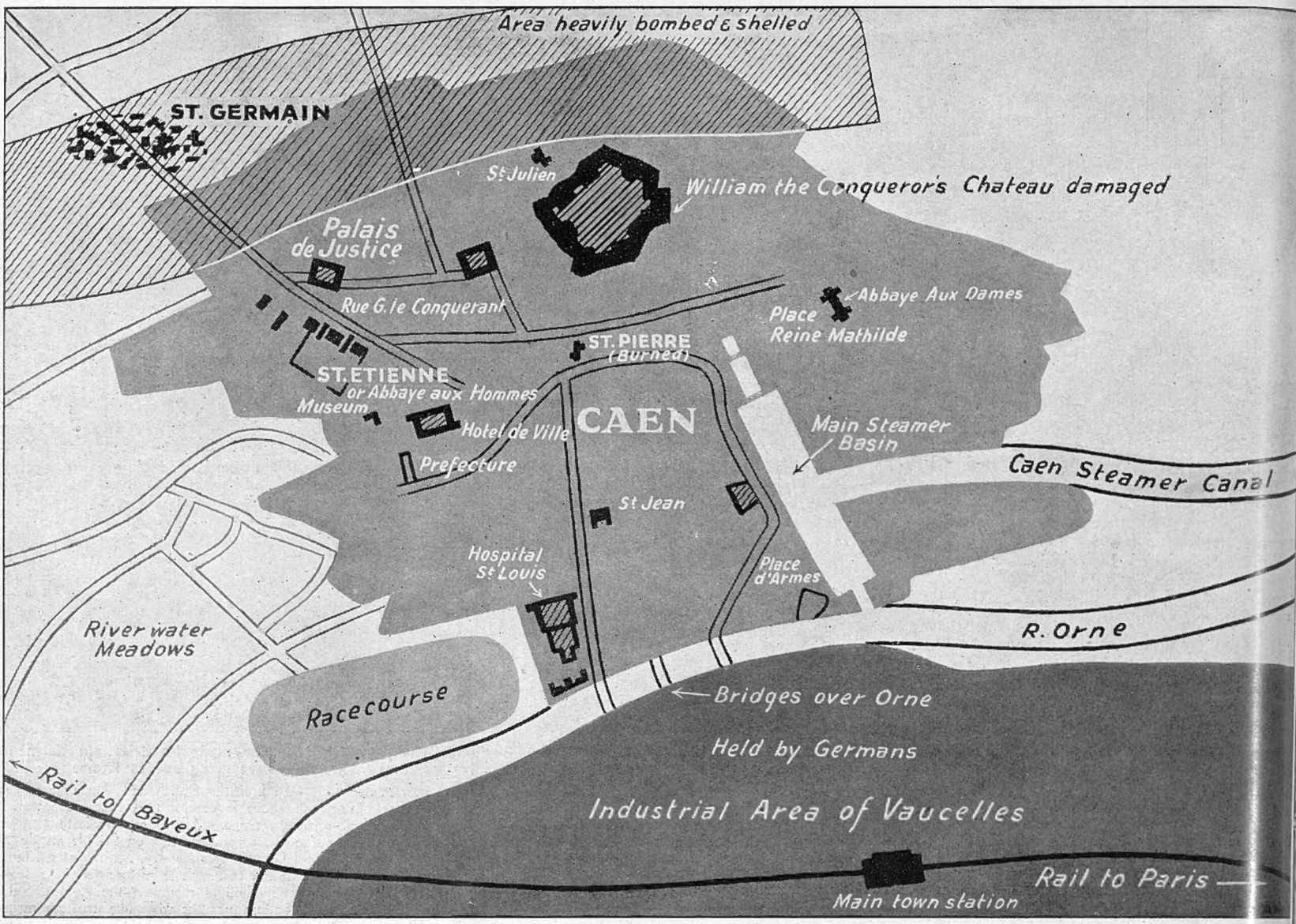
THE NEW BRITISH TANK, THE "CROMWELL," which has now made its debut in Normandy: It is here seen undergoing its tests in Britain before going out to France

A large number of tanks of various kinds are now in operation with both the British and American armies in Normandy. Two of them are shown on this page. The one above is one of the latest types of British "cruisers": it incorporates a 75-mm. gun and a high-capacity engine. All reports indicate that it is proving a most reliable and effective addition to British armour in the present fighting on the Normandy front. During a recent visit to an Armoured Unit in this country, Mr. Winston Churchill made an inspection of this new Cromwell tank. The picture reproduced above shows many of its salient points, the method of mounting the 75-mm. and the general appearance of the vehicle. The gun turret is a box-like structure mounted forward, and the gun itself has a long barrel

ANOTHER NEW TYPE OF ALLIED FIGHTING VEHICLE, the Sherman, mounted with a British 17-pounder gun: The famous American-built Sherman has now been equipped in the manner shown above. It carries a British long-barrelled 17-pounder, which has given it a much-increased punching power and made it a match for the German Tiger and Panther tanks. At 1,000 yards or better the gun can knock out any existing type of tank. All the work of conversion was carried out in British factories. The picture was taken as a group of this new type were advancing through a Normandy village towards Caen



TYPHOONS NOW CARRY TWO 1,000-LB. BOMBS: How these big missiles are hoisted into position under two of the 20-mm. cannon guns. One of the features of the fighting in France has been the close support given to the Army by R.A.F. fighter-bombers. The Typhoon now carries two 1,000-lb. bombs on certain operations. A crew of four armourers is required to hoist these into position with the aid of winches, or "hockey sticks" as they are called by the Canadians. The Typhoons also carry four 20-mm. cannon guns. Another version carries eight rocket projectiles, which are estimated to have "the effect of a broadside from a light cruiser." During the present flying operations over the battlefields in France, ground crews on a forward airfield have timed the interval from take-off to return as 15 minutes for many of the sorties



CAEN UNDER SHELL AND BOMB: A diagrammatic view of the town, showing the main devastated area to the north, the central historic quarter and the industrial area of Vaucelles across the River Orne, which is in the occupation of the Germans—*Drawing by A. Morris*

THE ENTRY INTO CAEN

Scenes Within the City After Its Capture by British and Canadian Troops on July 9

In this diagrammatic plan of Caen, the historic quarter of the town, with its famous buildings and busiest shopping streets, is shown in the centre of the view. The area devastated by very heavy bombing and concentrated shell-fire lies to the north and north-west in the area indicated. Much of this district consisted of villas and suburban buildings, including the entire suburb of St. Germain, on the main road to Bayeux. It was by this route that the correspondents entered, and they passed through a "block-busted" area, the sight of which shocked them. They eventually reached the Rue Guillaume le Conquerant, close to the giant Norman church of St. Etienne, otherwise known as the Abbaye aux Hommes. Its towering façade with its twin towers was discovered to be quite undamaged—a tribute to careful bombing. This great church, miscalled the cathedral, founded by the Conqueror, has on the other side of the town its complement, as it were, in the Abbaye aux Dames, founded by the Conqueror's wife, Queen Matilda. This abbey church is also unharmed, save for a few shell-holes in the twin towers, which faced towards the northern battle area. The fine Gothic and Renaissance church of St. Pierre was apparently gutted by fire.

St. Jean, a Gothic church of the Flamboyant period, has also suffered heavily. The University buildings, much of which was of comparatively recent date, were also heavily damaged. The Conqueror's chateau has also suffered some lesser damage. Southward of these points the damage seems to have been much less. Shops and buildings in the main street—Boulevard St. Pierre and the Rue St. Jean—suffered apparently from individual shelling.

The Germans retreated past the steamer basin and the port to the industrial suburb of Vaucelles shown at the foot of the plan. Here are the steelworks, with their tall chimneys and other factories

BRITISH TROOPS SEARCHING THE STREETS OF CAEN FOR GERMAN SNIPERS who were still active after the city's fall. French people who remained in Caen can be seen in the background

HATLESS AND WEARING CAMOUFLAGED TUNICS, a group of prisoners of the Hitler Youth and S.S. Luftwaffe Regiment are passing through a village a few hundred yards from the battlefront

THE FIRST BRITISH TROOPS are met by Captain Gille, President of the Committee of Liberation of Calvados, and M. Dauvre, Prefect of Calvados, the two chief French patriots, who had remained in the ruins of the town together with many thousands of citizens. Some 10,000 French people are thought to have stayed throughout the fighting, and another 5,000 are believed to have been killed

CAEN—JULY 9, 1944—A PICTURE TAKEN ON THE DAY THE CITY FELL. This view was taken in the suburbs: it shows some of the damage caused by the air and land bombardment, which one correspondent described as "unbelievable chaos." R.A.F. block-busters had twisted streets and buildings out of all possible recognition, and over a great part of the city "there is no question of any pattern of streets." Houses, monuments, furniture, concrete ramps and even the city buildings have been blasted into a kind of grey dust

THE FRENCH FLAG IS HOISTED IN THE PLACE DU LYCÉE at a ceremony attended by the Mayor of Caen and other notable citizens. Lying in the western part of the city, this is almost the only part that has not been razed flat by the guns and bombs

ARDENNE ABBEY, ONE MILE FROM CAEN ON THE ROAD TO THE CITY. It is 800 years old, and was converted into a stronghold by the Germans. It held out for two days against the Canadian and British onslaught

A BULLDOZER GETS TO WORK TO CLEAR THE MAIN ROAD THROUGH CAEN. In the background are the twin steeples of the Abbaye aux Hommes, founded by William the Conqueror and apparently little damaged by the heavy bombardments

THE WRECKED MAIN STREET OF CAEN, with the Church of St. Pierre in the background. This was built in the fourteenth century. It lies near the chateau, in a part of the town which has been heavily damaged

General Montgomery's assault on Caen opened in the early morning of July 8 and was preceded by a 2,300-ton air attack by R.A.F. bombers and a terrific artillery barrage. On July 9 the town fell: British troops were the first to enter, and they were met shortly afterwards by Canadians who came in from the west. It was only after heavy and bitter fighting that the Germans were driven out to the suburb of Vaucelles, on the far side of the Orne River. Caen was found to be heavily mined, and parts of it sustained great damage through shelling and bombing. The town had been defended with fanatical fury by the Germans, who blew up many buildings and laid mines heavily in the streets. Snipers remained in the town, and even twenty-four hours later they were still being mopped up after having caused a number of casualties before they were all dealt with. Lieut.-General Crocker, Commander of the First Corps, took the first opportunity of entering the town to study the problems of the great number of civilians who had stayed in Caen throughout the fighting: many of them had bitter stories to tell of the enemy and his methods

FLYING BOMBS and ROCKET BOMBS

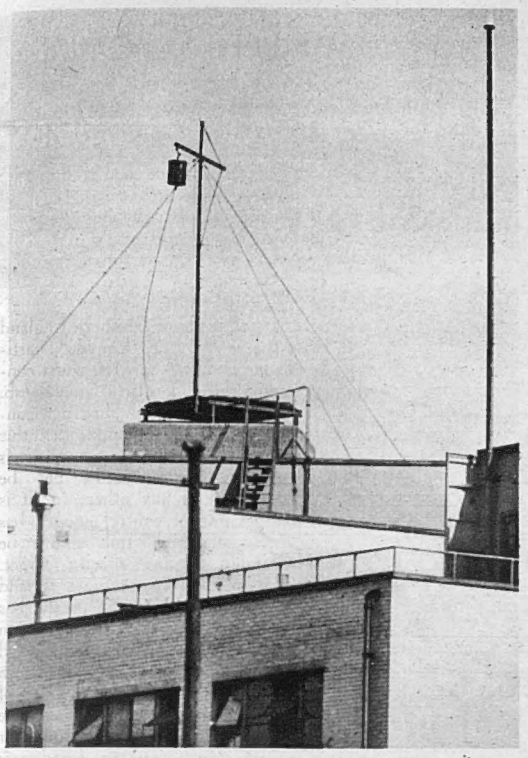
More about the German "Reprisals Weapons"—the V 1 and the (tentative) V 2

THE CIVILIAN ORDEAL. IT IS PRIMARILY THE LONDONER WHO HAS SUFFERED from the latest German method of indiscriminate bombing. This picture was taken in Aldwych recently, after a flying bomb had fallen in the street and killed a number of passers-by and injured others. There is, of course, no precision aiming of the bomb: it is probably because of this that the Germans have stated openly that it is a "reprisals weapon." It certainly cannot be regarded as having more significance from a military point of view

The people of Southern England—and of London particularly—now know the worst concerning the German Flying Bomb. Enemy propaganda has not concealed, but emphasised, that this is what they term a "reprisals weapon." It could not be described as any other—for it is impossible of control once it has been launched, and cannot be directed at any specific target. London is a very large area, and it is the London citizen who has borne the brunt of the German attack. The pictures reproduced on this page all have a fresh bearing on this topic which, of course, remains a principal one to all who live within the "danger area." But to say that Londoners are cowering with fear, or that the city is ringed with fire, is even more absurd than previous absurdities put out over the enemy radio. Meanwhile, whilst London and "Southern England" generally are learning how to beat the bomb, the Allied Air Forces are striking again and again at launching sites and storage depots in the Pas de Calais, whilst fighters and anti-aircraft batteries are scoring more and more successes against the missiles as they speed on their course

DISCOVERED IN THE PAS DE CALAIS: A LARGE CONCRETE STRUCTURE DISCOVERED DURING AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE which might be connected with the second German "reprisals weapon," the rocket bomb. *On right*—The same site after it had been bombed by Allied aircraft

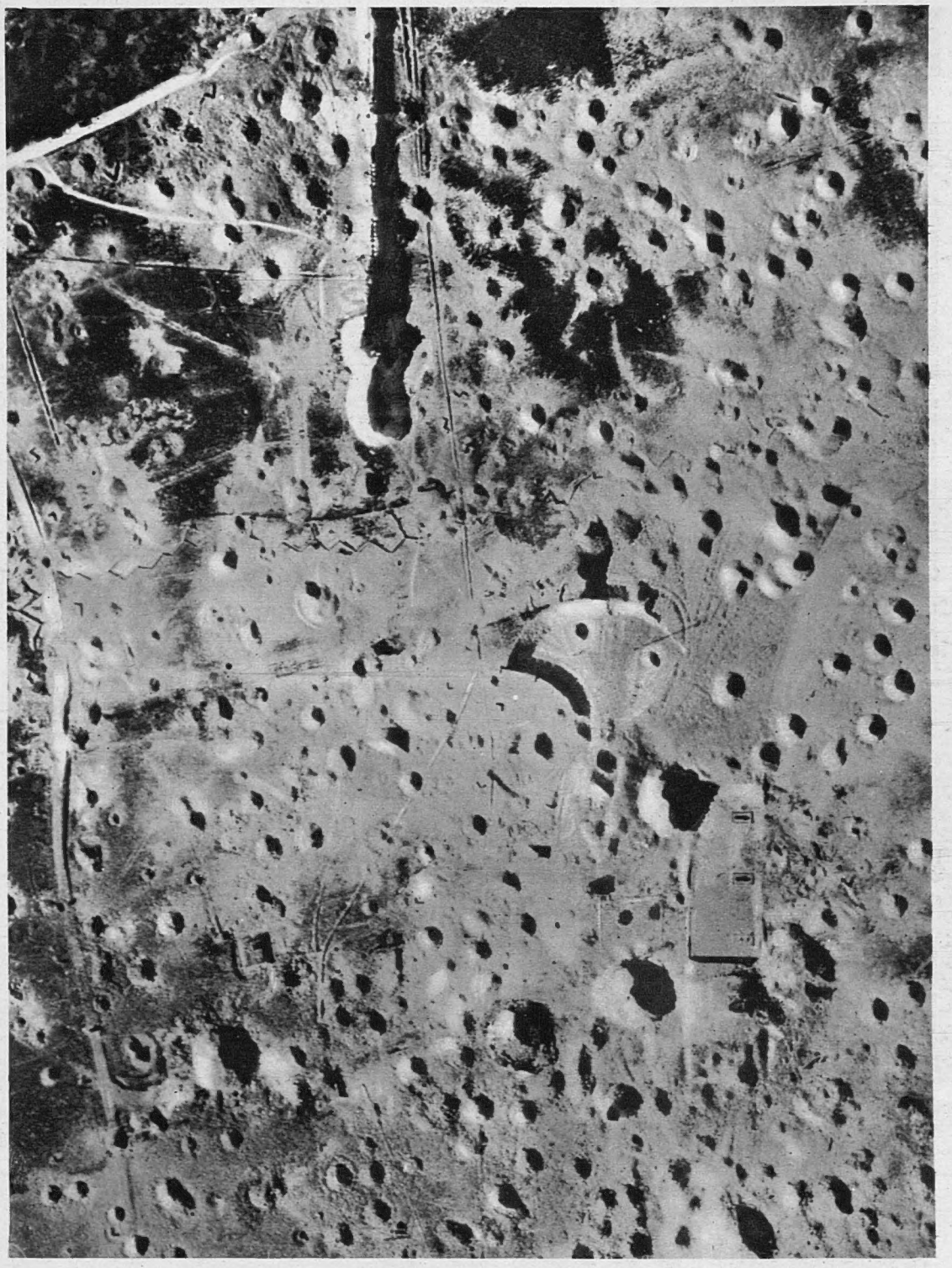
When Cherbourg Peninsula was captured by the Americans, two large sites were discovered which it was thought might have been intended by the Germans for the launching of rocket bombs. These are different from the Flying Bombs which have been directed principally against London in recent days. If, in fact, the rocket bombs do exist—and the presence of these big emplacements would suggest that they do, or are imminent—the rockets would be the "reprisals weapon" Number Two, of which the Germans have said so much recently. The two pictures reproduced here show another large structure—this time in the Pas de Calais—discovered recently by Allied aircraft during reconnaissance. This, too, is of concrete and built on such a scale as to suggest that it was being made ready for the discharge of rockets. On the night of June 27-28, however, aircraft of Bomber Command got busy on the task of wiping out emplacements and buildings: the result of this effort is shown in the small picture on the right, with bomb-craters pitting the whole of the target area. The immensely large ones were obviously caused by block-busters of great size



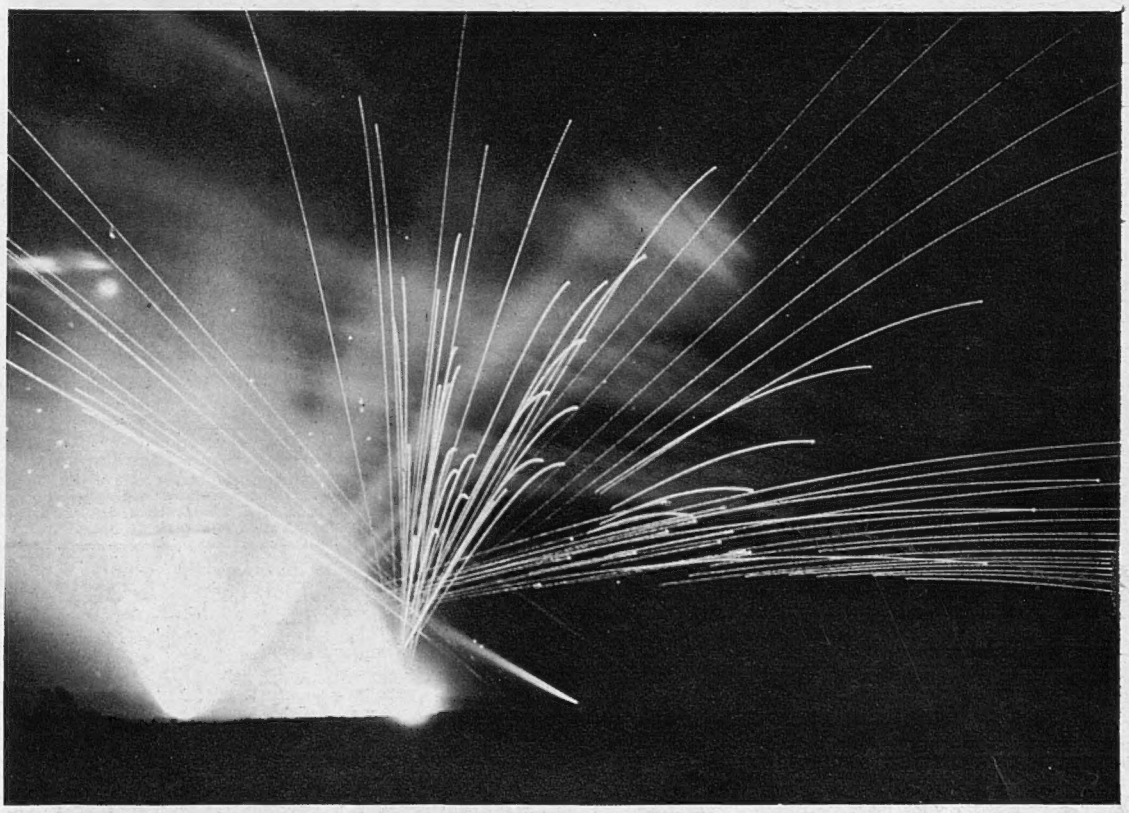
HOW LONDON RECEIVES WARNING. After the Alert has sounded, spotters on the rooftops warn the public when the danger is "imminent." This is done by hoisting a signal to the masthead: when the danger passes the signal is lowered, although the Alert may still be "on"

On right and bottom right—The two pictures reproduced here show another large concrete structure in the Pas de Calais area apparently connected with the threatened German long-range rocket assaults on England. The pictures were taken before (bottom right), and after, attacks by the Allied Air Forces which culminated in a concentrated assault by R.A.F. Bomber Command on the night of July 5. In the large picture on the immediate right, four deep craters from very heavy calibre bombs can be seen in the main target area in the lower half of the view: one large missile has exploded at the south corner of the main construction, causing the corner of the building over an area of 60 by 35 ft. to collapse into the crater and undermining the structure at this point. The railway line leading into the target area has been cut by two craters (upper centre); and other large craters have caused damage to huts and buildings.

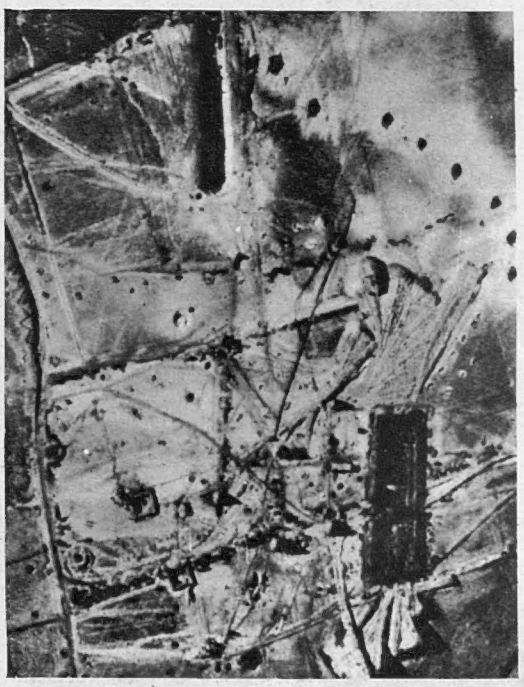
From a study of this picture one can assume that this rocket site—if indeed it is such—is, to all intents and purposes, obliterated. And this is one of a number known to have received similar treatment. It now remains to be seen whether the Germans will continue to erect such structures, prodigal as they are of manpower and materials, for the Allied Air Forces to knock down!



WAS THIS STILL ANOTHER ROCKET BOMB SITE? It was found (like the one on the opposite page) in the Pas de Calais. When the R.A.F. had finished with it on July 5, the site had virtually ceased to exist (*see notes in box on left*)



IN ACTION AGAINST THE FLYING BOMBS. The scene in the night sky as anti-aircraft guns fill the air with tracer shells as one of the bombs is picked out by searchlights as it hurtles across the coast. Shortly after this picture was taken, the bomb was seen to explode with a tremendous flash, long before it reached the vicinity of London



THE CONCRETE STRUCTURE shown in the upper picture is here seen as it appeared before the heavy attacks on it carried out by Allied aircraft on the night of July 5

FLYING BOMBS AND THE LONDONER

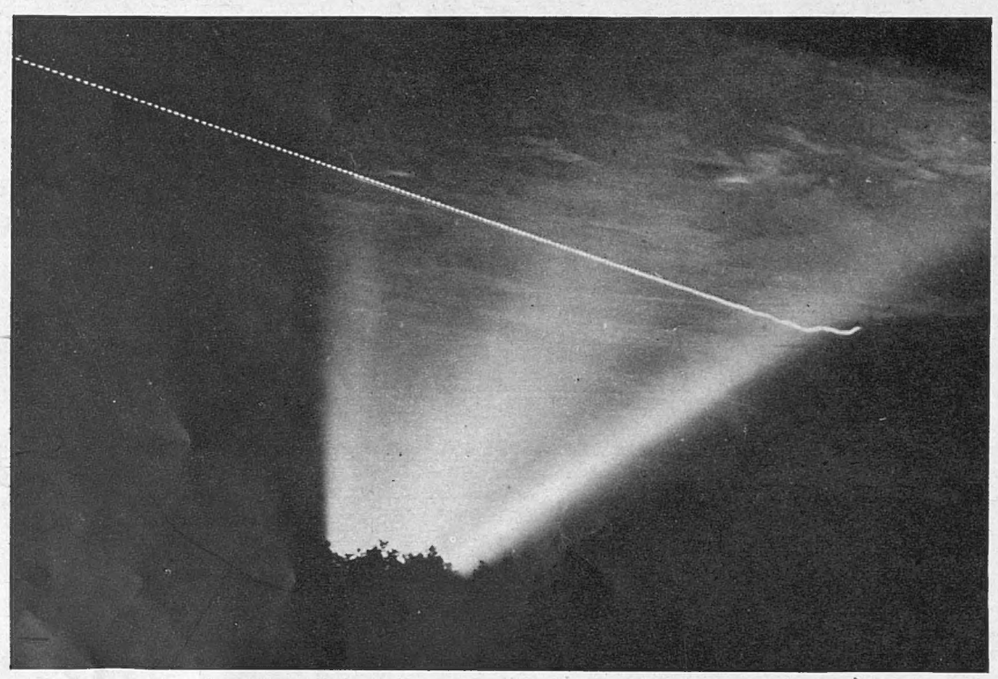
What We Have Learned of the Behaviour of the New "Secret Weapon" and the Townsman's Reactions to it

By CHARLES GRAVES

AN hour before the Prime Minister delivered his speech about flying bombs, I asked the cashier at a club to which I belong what she thought he would say. "Oh," she giggled, "he will say we have all been very brave, but that it 's going to get worse, worse luck."

As a veteran Londoner who has, up to the moment of writing, kept his house open throughout the war in spite of its being twice hit by explosive incendiaries, I agreed. And, now that Mr. Churchill has made his statement releasing several facts, perhaps people in the country might like to have a personal, spontaneous account of the psychological effect of doodle-bugs, robots, fly-bombs, buzz-bombs, flying bombs, bumble-bombs, pilotless planes, or whatever you like to call them—from "one who knows."

Well, personally, I dislike the flying bombs very much less than the other sort of bombs. The Germans themselves, oddly enough, described the situation best of anybody when they announced



THE TRAIL OF A FLYING BOMB: The projectile blazes across the night sky over Southern England, leaving behind an illuminated trail resembling a dotted line of light. Powerful searchlights follow the bomb, to give assistance to the anti-aircraft gunners waiting to go into action against it

three weeks ago that London had again been subjected to harassing shellfire. For that is exactly what it is—harassing shellfire. On the other hand, it provides for the householder the added anxiety that it may knock his house down and destroy his own personal possessions; whereas, the infantryman in the field knows that any material damage done in his vicinity will be suffered by his foxhole, slit trench, and/or W.D. stores, which do not belong to him. A selfish but human reaction.

Actually, the use of the word "shellfire" ought, in my opinion, to be used more generally about Hitler's latest weapon; for this at once brings it into the realm of the commonplace and would calm some women, who regard it as a devilish machination of the occult, if not of the unknown future. It is a peculiar fact that a percentage of women dislike the new type much more than the older type of bombs. My wife is not one of these, but her theory is that women in London, who are unable to see the fighter pilots, anti-aircraft batteries and balloons "doing their stuff" in the country, feel that they have no one to champion them on the spot—in fact, that they have been let down by their men when the flying bomb appears on the scene. This suggests that men are more fatalistic than women—perhaps they are, in spite of what one is brought up to believe. It also suggests that women ought to go out to the country and have a grandstand view (as I have had on several occasions) of the flying bombs being knocked down. This is a fascinating, if morbid, spectacle—clay-pigeon shooting played fast with a certainty of *some* destruction within a few minutes over Southern England if the defences' aim is not accurate.

The first time I saw a fighter chase a bomb through an Ack-Ack barrage I thought it was a Jerry reconnaissance plane. Then, a second later, the pilot banked steeply and fired, whereupon the bomb went down in two halves in open country, erupting flame and black smoke. Once or twice I saw a P-plane rumbling along with black puffs from the Ack-Ack defences bursting all round it. It was uncanny to watch it flying on without taking any evasive action. At first it gave one the creeps, then one realised that this inability to dodge trouble would ultimately prove its undoing.

In the country, stone cottages offer an extraordinary resistance to the missiles, but I have seen jerry-built houses knocked down like packs of cards by the blast which, as the Prime Minister has said, is very considerable in view of the comparatively small charge of high-explosive in the warhead.

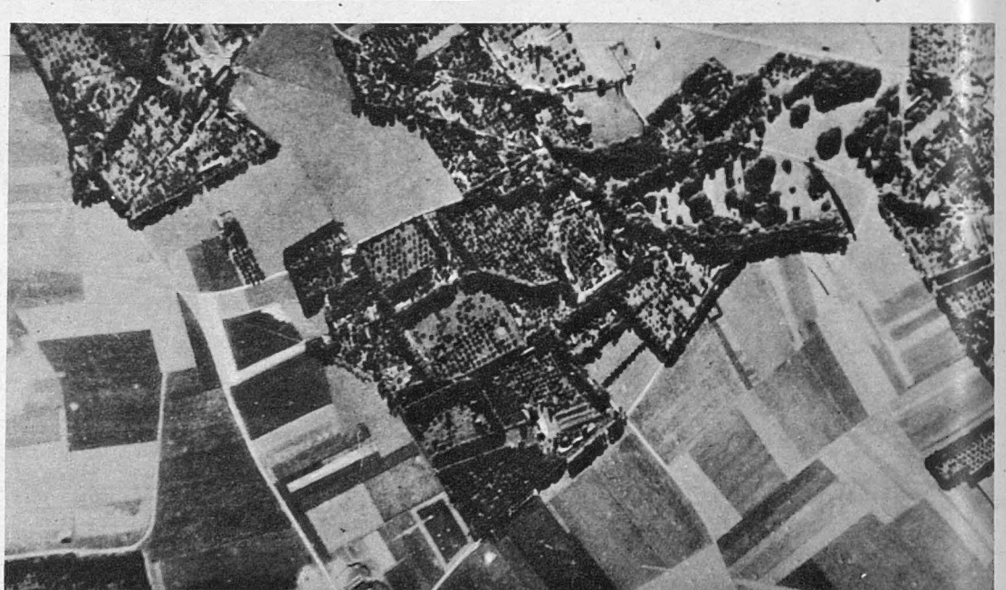
Glass, as we have been warned, is the main danger. The air pressure at the moment of explosion is such that it can hammer plate-glass into the cracks in the pavement so hard that it sticks upright and immovable. If the glass splinters into the human body they can turn it into a kind of pin-cushion, and little bits keep on emerging painfully for days afterwards. The safest thing to do, in fact, is to protect the face and chest with a couple of cushions if one suspects a flying bomb is about to descend. This saves both lungs and skin surface from (*a*) blast, and (*b*) glass. It has proved a literal life-saver in at least one hospital ward which received a direct hit. Naturally, too, it is sensible to sleep on the ground floor, or even in the basement of your house, rather than on the top floors, which might be shorn off by a flat-gliding bomb.

If caught in the streets, it is said to be more sensible for one to go down on hands and knees rather than lie full-length in the gutter—to allow the shock of air to pass under, over and round the body instead of hitting it full toss.

So much for protection.

The psychological aspect of the situation has been aggravated by the fact that although the damage and casualties are so much less than they were in the 1940-41 blitz, there are daylight alerts. Many people have forgotten that we had night raids lasting eight, ten, even twelve hours in the winter of 1940-41. Instead, they prefer to remember the February raids of 1944, which were over in an hour. It is quite true that the recurrence of daylight raids is a nuisance and, I repeat, harassing. If you are working or walking in one part of London and see a bomb flying overhead in the general direction of your home in another part of London, it is a great relief to hear, on telephoning, the familiar ringing tone. For even before you are answered orally, you know that the line is not out of order, and that presumably the house and its occupants are all in one piece. We have, however, quickly acclimatised ourselves to the new danger. It means looking up and ahead if walking in a southerly direction during an air raid, and listening to hear any air-raid warden whistle if walking in the other.

Listening to the approaching rumble of the flying bomb had one remarkable effect. Elderly people who had allowed themselves to go partially deaf out of sheer laziness are now suddenly finding that their hearing is back to normal, for once again they are employing their ears, exercising them, in fact, to distinguish between the sounds of motor-vehicles and bombs. I know of several actual examples of this, but it is hard on school-teachers, who have to talk and listen simultaneously; in particular if the classroom is in a busy thoroughfare. Schoolboys and schoolgirls and children generally are as fearless as they were in the blitz; indeed, they seem positively to enjoy the continued Guy Fawkes Day, apart from the occasions when teaching periods are truncated by imminent danger. (This fearlessness is sadly demonstrated, too, by the number of casualties caused to children through their playing around with unexploded hand-grenades and the like.) Besides, there is always the chance of creating a false alarm, unless the teacher is smart enough to overrule the bogus suggestion from one of his class that there is a flying bomb in the immediate vicinity.



AN INNOCENT-LOOKING WOOD AT BERTREVILLE which conceals the site of a Flying Bomb launching site. This photograph comes from the Pas de Calais: it shows the heavily camouflaged launching site before it was hit by heavy bombers of the U.S. Eighth Air Force. Up to the moment when this picture was taken, Fortresses and Liberators had bombed eighteen of the German Flying Bomb sites: this one at Bertreville was hit in the fourteenth attack within the same area since D-Day, and it was the sixth Allied blow against the launching sites in less than 48 hours

By and large, it is hard to tell whether the public prefers to be shelled at night or by day. At night one is, or should be, away from most of the danger of flying glass, but in daylight there is a greater chance of seeing what is coming, as well as of having the wardens' whistles as an immediate warning.

As far as the war factories are concerned, I have only been in one when a bomb was directly on its way. Not a single man or woman downed tools. A damned good show, but typical of Southern Englanders in general and Londoners in particular.

It was the Duke of Wellington who said at the Battle of Waterloo: "Hard pounding, gentlemen, let us see who will stand it the longest." He saw; so will we.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for expor.

S.H.A.E.F.—SUPREME HEADQUARTERS, ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Where the News of the Invasion Armies is Given Out to the World

THE OFFICER IN CHARGE: Brig.-General T. J. Davis, of the American Army, is at the head of the important Public Relations Division at Shaef

ASSISTANT CHIEF OF THE PUBLIC RELATIONS DIVISION at S.H.A.E.F. is Brigadier W. A. S. Turner

THE GENERAL SCENE AT S.H.A.E.F.: Military experts are here acquainting accredited war correspondents in the Information Room of the progress of the battle in France. As a result of the knowledge thus acquired, the public are kept informed in despatches bearing the "Shaef" date-line

THE MEN WHO CONTROL THE PRESS CABLES: Colonel David Sarnoff, Mr. J. H. Brebner and Mr. George Lyon supervise the transmission of all the Press messages which go abroad from Shaef

GROUP CAPTAIN G. HOUGHTON IS THE AIR BRIEFING OFFICER who gives word-pictures to the assembled correspondents of the progress of the Allied Air Forces in the Normandy battle zone

THE DAY'S PROGRESS: A huge map of the front line is the background on which Major McKee and Lieut. Paul Talbot post the latest information about the progress of the fighting

A GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION OF AIR MIGHT as used by Squadron Leader Neame, of the R.A.F., to depict progress to the Shaef correspondents

CHIEF BRIEFING OFFICER, Colonel E. H. Clarkeet-James, gets last-minute reports so that he may put the facts before an afternoon conference

CANADA IS TOLD THE NEWS by its own correspondents. Colonel R. E. Dupuy, Assistant Chief of the Public Relations Division (seated on right), discusses the Canadian side of the Allied war picture with Lieut. P. Slattery, of the Canadian Army

The term "Shaef" has become familiar to most English newspaper readers. S.H.A.E.F. stands for Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Forces. It is the Information Section where war correspondents learn as much as the public may be told about the operations overseas of our land, sea and air forces. In the great halls of Shaef, the voice of the briefing officer can still the hum of talk among the assembled journalists in the big map-hung room. There is a pause while the armed guards at the entrance close the doors. Then the voice goes on: "Here is this morning's communique . . " The war correspondents from America, from Britain and the Empire, packing the long room, listen intently as he reads it out, their eyes straying occasionally to the huge wall-maps as place names are mentioned—to waving black ribbon which traces our last battle positions, to the air map with its bomb symbols showing the targets and strength of all our air operations in France during the past twenty-four hours. Shaef is, in short, the Information Section of all sea, land and air operations at General Eisenhower's headquarters—the centre through which the public is kept informed of the progress of the invasion

THE "GOTHIC LINE" in ITALY

And the Steps by which the Eighth and Fifth Armies Reached that Defensive Position in Front of the City of Florence

Ever since the liberation of Rome, the Germans have been retreating towards the defensive line they fondly hope will finally halt the Allied Armies. This line, on which they have devoted much time and labour, is said to run from near Pisa, round the north of Lucca to Pistoja, and then across the main Apennine range to Rimini. The mountains are a great rugged mass, rising to 6,000 ft., almost impregnable to any but practised mountain troops. It has a depth of 50 miles, traversed by few roads. The only apparent weakness lies on the Adriatic side.

The Allies have given the enemy no respite, pursuing them with vigour on the whole line from coast to coast. Kesselring had no time to re-form his troops, who were kept perpetually on the move, fighting rear-guard actions to enable the main army to get away. At first the advance was very rapid, but after the taking of Perugia on June 20, the pace became somewhat slower.

The Fifth Army pushed along the coast of Tuscany, finding tough resistance, the enemy having received reinforcements. A fierce struggle took place at S. Vinzenzo on the coast, where the Germans had evacuated the civilians and prepared the town for defence with barricades and anti-tank obstacles. It fell, however, to a night attack, after which the Americans pursued their way along Highway One to Cecina, where again they had some bitter fighting before they could take the town. It meant a struggle from house to house, but once the Germans were driven out, the way was open for the advance to Leghorn. The coastal road, which had been running along a level shore, comes up to the edge of a mountain mass at Rosignano, and from thence, 10 miles to Leghorn, the road edges along this mass at the verge of the sea. The Germans held out for three days of intense fighting, but the place was captured by the Americans on July 8.

On the east of the American forces, the French troops, under General Juin, had a difficult task following along narrow valleys, through villages completely demolished by the retreating enemy, all the houses tumbled into the streets, making very efficient road-blocks. But the French pushed on towards Siena, which they occupied on July 3, the Germans having evacuated, forced to do so as the Americans were outflanking them on the west.

The French received a great welcome in Siena, where the people were rejoicing at their escape from destruction, no demolitions having taken place. The city, which possesses some of the finest Gothic architecture in Italy, has had a famous history, being a thriving city in the Middle Ages. Constantly at war with its neighbour, Florence, it was finally overcome in 1500, and sank into a small provincial town, but its fine cathedral, public buildings and private palaces still proclaim the wealth and beauty of the past.

The Eighth Army, after the capture of Perugia, was held up by the stubborn resistance of the Germans among the wooded ridges and hills around Lake Trasimeno, where they were faced by the Hermann Goering Division. When at last the enemy was forced to retire, the advance continued along the road to Arezzo, up the Chiana Valley, but it was no longer a rapid pursuit, the enemy was disputing the way with growing determination.

On the Adriatic coast, the advance towards Ancona continued, in spite of fierce resistance. The enemy had hoped that the River Musone would hold up the Allies, but the Polish Corps, which had distinguished itself on Monte Cassino, crossed the river, and held bridgeheads against all counter-attacks

HOW THE GOTHIC LINE RUNS ACROSS ITALY AT ITS NARROWEST PART, from Leghorn on the west to Rimini on the east. This is where Kesselring is making his most determined stand in front of the industrial north

THE RAIN IN ITALY HAS MADE THE GOING VERY TOUGH IN PLACES: This Sherman tank of the 6th South African Division became bogged when it left the road to cross a field which had been turned into mud. It is being dragged to firm ground by another Sherman. Heavy rain and cold weather in the middle of the Italian summer have come at the wrong time for the British and American forces; and it has slowed down the pursuit of the Germans. Tracks over which the South Africans had to travel became muddy, causing their tanks to bog down and turning their camps into seas of mud. So far, the Italian weather has proved one of the biggest disappointments in the Mediterranean theatre of war

A GERMAN HEAVY TANK KNOCKED OUT by Allied tank-destroyers during the heavy fighting in Italy. Note the "rippled" appearance of the tank's armour

ON THE ROAD TO FICULLE: A French self-propelled gun, used by the Germans and abandoned by them. The gun itself is of very big calibre

A CAMOUFLAGED SHERMAN TANK moves into position at Castiglione to bombard the retreating enemy. This town was strongly held by the Germans on the west side of Lake Trasimeno

IN CASTIGLIONE: Making use of all available cover, infantrymen move through the streets to mop up stray German elements. This town, situated high on the side of Lago Trasimento, and strongly defended by the Germans, fell to the Eighth Army on June 26 at the same time as Chiusi. A short time afterwards came the capture of Siena

THE CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND OF ELBA after its capture by French troops in mid-June. In the early hours of Saturday, June 17, a detachment of the French "B" Army under the command of General de Lattre de Tassigny, was landed from an Allied invasion fleet on the Island of Elba off the Italian coast abreast of Piombino. In spite of stubborn enemy fighting, all organised resistance ceased two days later and the operation was brought to a successful conclusion. Only a small portion of the German garrison managed to evacuate the island, and 18,000 prisoners were taken. Porto Ferrajo, the capital, on the north coast (the residence of Napoleon while in exile from May 5, 1814, to February 26, 1815) was found to be in partial ruins: French troops in this picture are seen moving through its outskirts

THE HISTORIC TOWN OF ASSISI IS UNSCARRED BY THE TIDE OF BATTLE: A scene in front of the Basilica of St. Francis. On June 18, Eighth Army troops advancing into Perugia occupied the ancient town of Assisi. Although heavy fighting took place between these two historic places, Assisi happily escaped devastation and managed to preserve an atmosphere of peace even whilst battles were raging in the Tescia Valley below the town. Assisi is, of course, famous as the birthplace of St. Francis, to whom the Basilica (dating from the thirteenth century) stands as a memorial of great beauty

THE SMALL INDUSTRIAL TOWN OF CHIUSI, which lies to the west of Lake Trasimeno, was finally captured by the South Africans on June 26 after they had entered it a few days previously. Here they are seen amongst its rubble-covered streets less than three weeks after the fall of Rome

PICTURES from RUSSIA

Where the Red Army is Pushing Back Both the Finns and the Germans in Lightning Advances

THE VICTOR OF POLOTSK: GENERAL IVAN BAGRAMYAN, who is in command of the First Baltic Army which is now pressing towards Latvia and Lithuania. His name has only become familiar recently, owing to the rapidity of the advance of the forces he commands

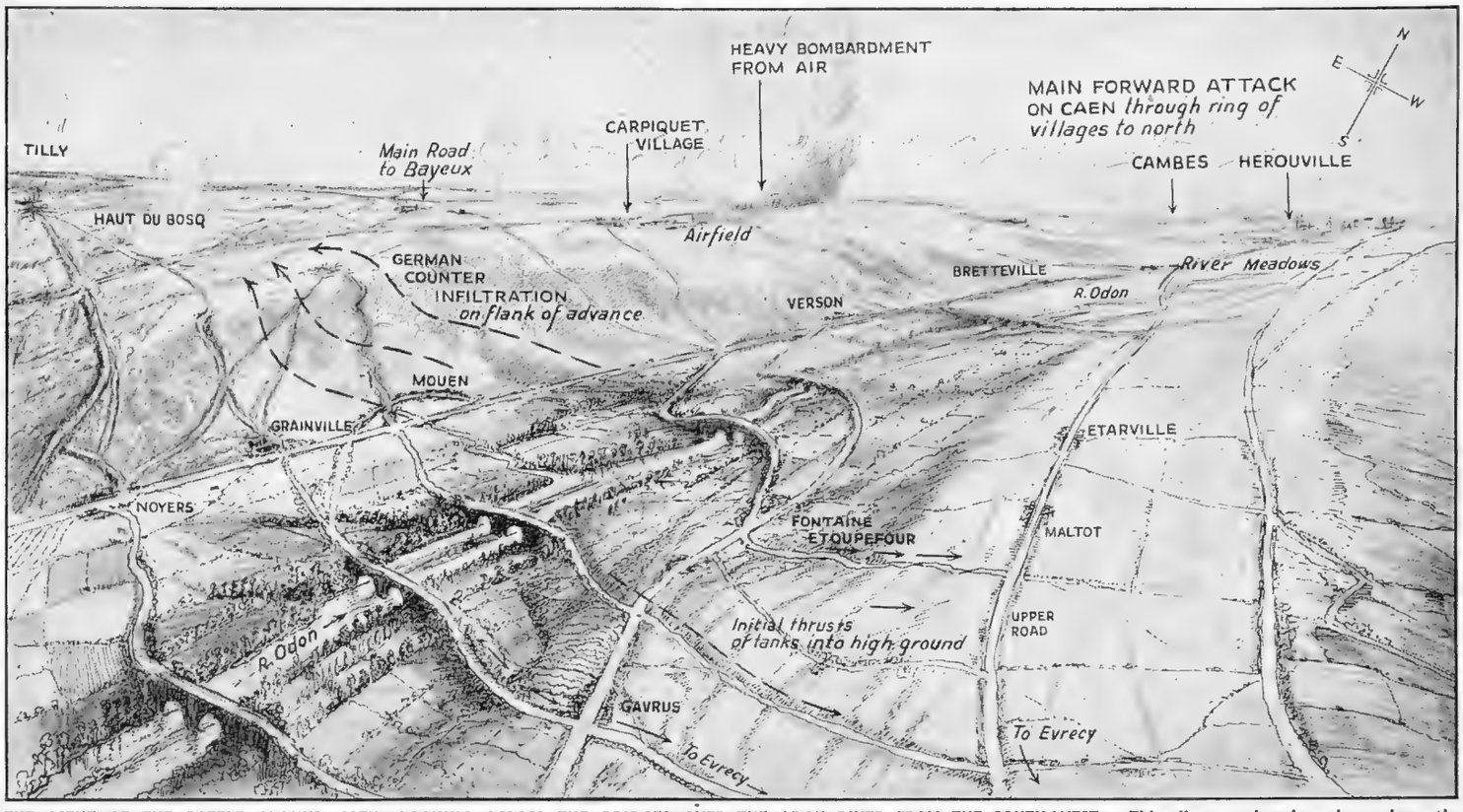
THE UNDERGROUND POLISH ARMY IN THE VILNA DISTRICT—a picture just received in London, showing the men celebrating mass in the open air. The Russians surrounded Vilna and then passed on, following their usual tactics of by-passing such strong-points as offered exceptional resistance, but leaving forces sufficient for the town's eventual reduction. In the fighting in this region, the Red Army was assisted by units of Poland's underground army, of which the above participated in the Vilna operations

THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE TOWARDS HELSINKI: Red Army infantrymen in action on the northern bank of the River Svir after the Finns had fallen back. As the Russians sped forward after the routed Germans reeling towards East Prussia, another Soviet Army had crossed the Svir River, on the Karelian front, and was driving on to the Finnish capital of Helsinki. Despite stubborn resistance, the Finns were unable to check this advance

WHAT THE RUSSIAN PILOTS DID TO ONE GERMAN CONVOY COLUMN. This picture of destruction and obliteration typifies the work of Soviet airmen on the German lines of retreat. It was taken some time ago, when the enemy was endeavouring to reach a "line" which could be held against the triumphant Red Army. This column was not allowed to retreat far: it was virtually obliterated by Russian bombers and fighter-bombers. Hardly a single vehicle in this picture remains intact. Nor did the churned-up dirt roads of Russia help the Germans much in their attempts at escape

SOVIET TROOPS MOVING UP TO THE FRONT along the bank of the Sestra River, in the Karelian Isthmus. Horsed transport, it will be noted, is used by the Russians in this theatre of war

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, MR. W. AVERELL HARRIMAN, presents President Roosevelt's Scrolls of Honour for Stalingrad and Leningrad to Marshal Stalin: From left to right are Mr. E. Page, M. Pavlov, M. Molotov, Marshal Stalin and Mr. Harriman. This picture was taken in Moscow on June 27 last



THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE AROUND CAEN, LOOKING ACROSS THE BRIDGES OVER THE ODON RIVER FROM THE SOUTH-WEST. This diagram-drawing shows how the German "reverse infiltration" was carried out against the flanks of the advancing British Army, and how the latter thrust forward with tanks on to the high ground towards Evrecy—*Drawing by Percy Home* (See notes below)

THE FIGHT FOR CAEN

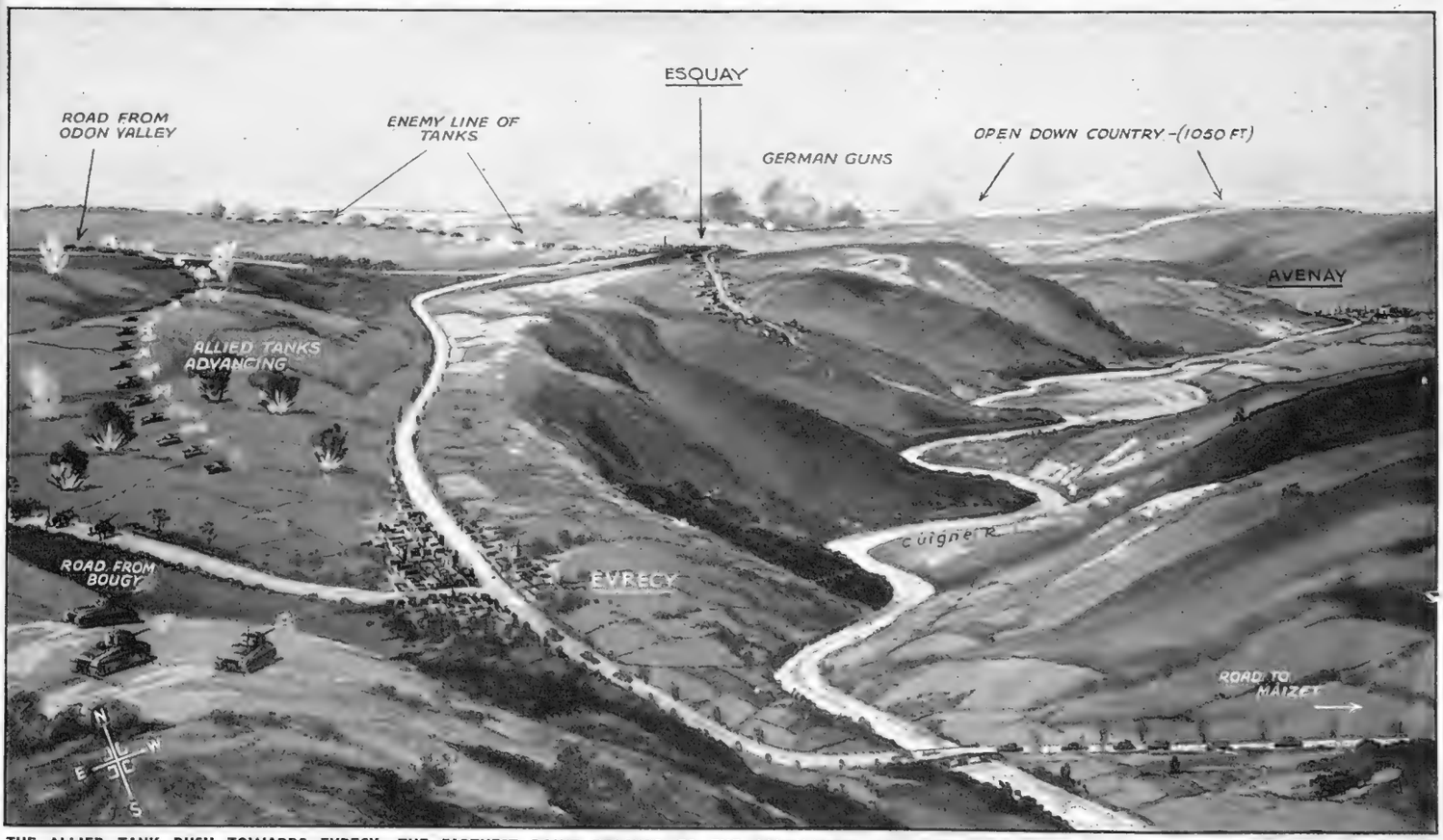
The Battle of the Tanks Towards Evrecy Across the River Odon

—Special Sphere Diagram-drawings

At the beginning of July the Allied Army around Caen had closed in around the city ready for the final assault. Constant pressure had been exerted all along the winding line from the Caen Canal, round through the Caen-Bayeux main road, down towards the Odon valley by way of Tilly, Grainville, Gavrus and Bretteville-sur-Odon. Forward units of the Allied Army had forced their way across the Odon by several bridges on to the higher ground beyond. British armour, especially, had spread out over the wide grasslands in the direction of Evrecy. The going had been good, although not as spectacular as the Villers Bocage thrust.

German reverse infiltration was being practised extensively: the pockets of resistance had grown in number, and the threat to both flanks was considered to be such as to make the progress too hazardous and to render the supplying of those troops beyond the river too difficult. So certain withdrawals had to be made: the territory seen in the foreground of the above view was evacuated and a salient nearer the river was consolidated. This appears to have been based largely on the bridges shown to the left of the scene, all of which could be fed by roads leading from the high ground around Tilly. The Germans proceeded to infiltrate in several directions. One movement was checked by Scottish infantry at Bretteville-sur-Odon. The German tanks pushed in towards Le Haut du Bosq and Grainville, but paid heavily for their temerity. British troops also beat back similar attacks round Cheux.

At the same time an advance was made through Marcelet towards Carpiquet village and airfield, which were held tenaciously by the enemy. Canadian troops fought their way into the village and to part of the airfield, aided by intense bombing from the air. Then the Allied assault swung with great violence towards the north. The movement had already been presaged by the capture of the villages of Rots, Villeneuve and Cambes. Now the pressure became irresistible and further villages fell, extending up to the Caen Canal. Soon a break into the city became possible, and Caen fell on July 10



THE ALLIED TANK PUSH TOWARDS EVRECY, THE FARTHEST POINT REACHED TO THE SOUTH-WEST OF CAEN during the initial British attacks around that city. A few days later, the tanks were compelled to withdraw to the Odon river bridges, where the positions were then consolidated. Then the attack on Caen switched right round to the north and the entry into the city was made from that direction and from the north-west—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

C

IN THE CAEN BATTLE AREA

—Three Special Sphere Drawings

HOW THE BRITISH ARMY ENTERED CAEN. Troops cleaning up the streets of a village in the outskirts following cautiously behind a Sherman tank. Ruined buildings which might conceal German snipers are seen on both sides of the road

Below—**A SCOTTISH REGIMENT ADVANCES OVER ONE OF THE ODON BRIDGES and is piped into battle after debussing on the west side of the river**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

It has now been stated, from both British and German sources, that Highland troops have been in action around Caen. One battalion spent 123 hours in the line during the "Battle of Epsom Downs"—in the rolling country west of the village of Haute Bosq. In the Odon Valley, two of the bridges were captured by other Scottish troops, who then went into battle for a third bridge with the pipers skirling at their head. It would, indeed, be an odd sort of campaign for the British Army if the Highlanders were not in the forefront of the battle!

"THIS IS A HAPPY ARMY": A SCENE ON A NORMANDY ROAD, as the crew of a British tank fix up a dartboard to while away the time of waiting. On the left, other British soldiers offer passers-by a share of their Army rations—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

Correspondents at the scene of action around Caen have commented more than once on the happy atmosphere pervading the Army at the front. "This is a happy Army," said one. "Everywhere our troops' morale is high. The friendliness and helpfulness of everyone is overwhelming. Everywhere at meal times I was asked to share the men's food."

Another correspondent has described how he passed a couple of stationary tanks. The crew of one had propped a dartboard against the turret and were engaged with complete absorption in their game while waiting for the order to go forward. Seated on the armour plating of the other was a gunner, entirely lost in a sixpenny "thriller"

THE FIRST PLUNGE INTO THE HIGH GRASS COUNTRY ACROSS THE ODON RIVER. Tanks and infantry probe deep into the enemy-held terrain—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The advance to the grass country across the Odon River appeared originally to have taken the Germans by surprise, for tanks crossed by unbroken bridges and also across the river fords. They climbed to the high ground by tree-lined roads, and out on to the wide grass country leading to the Orne Valley, which is the eastern boundary of this district. All these penetrations took place in the rainy weather which has characterised the past weeks in Normandy. One correspondent referred to a ten-day period of solid rain! This may not have been a disadvantage, however, with shell-bursts and mortar-fire taking place in what otherwise may have been converted into a region of raging grass fires

ROCKET-FIRING TYPHOONS ATTACK THE GERMAN ARMOUR: A scene during the fighting around Carpiquet aerodrome when the enemy counter-attacked with tanks. Fifteen of the latter were shot up by the British aircraft—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

ABOVE THE NORMAN BATTLEFIELD

In the initial fighting for Caen, a stern struggle took place around the aerodrome at Carpiquet. Three battalions were employed by the Germans for their attack, and the ground troops were supported by thirty tanks. Apparently, the enemy intended to co-ordinate this first attack with a similar one made from the opposite direction. Before it could be developed, however, our air forces were called on to assist in beating off the assault: rocket-firing Typhoons, flying low over the concentrations of the enemy, got in among the tank formations at Carpiquet and were soon launching their deadly missiles at the enemy armour. In the result, they shot up about fifteen tanks, whilst the British artillery on the ground did deadly execution. Owing to the absence of the *Luftwaffe*, our aircraft were able to bring the operation to a successful conclusion

THE ASSAULT ON CAEN: How the enemy's troop and tank concentrations were attacked by Bomber Command from the air. On July 7, 450 heavy British aircraft attacked a large concentration of German troops, tanks, guns, and heavily-defended strong-points just north of Caen. The assault was made in the evening by daylight. The target area was plastered with 2,300 tons of bombs, and large fires broke out on the ground in consequence. This attack from the air heralded the assault of the Second Army on the town of Caen. The photograph above was taken from one of the attacking aircraft: in it an attacking Lancaster is seen flying over the clouds of smoke coming up from the target area

A PICTURE OF THE LATEST TYPE PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE SPITFIRE. This picture, by Mr. Charles E. Brown, shows the newest of the many types of Spitfire now in service with the R.A.F. It is the P.R.XI: being built specifically for photographic reconnaissance, it may be said that its most important "armament" is the high-powered cameras with which it probes the enemy's secrets. The aircraft is powered with a Rolls-Royce 61, 63, or 63a engine of over 1,650 h.p., which gives it a high (but undisclosed) speed. The tail-wheel is retractable. Its work is often carried out at great height. The magnitude of photographic reconnaissance was emphasised by the Prime Minister recently when he disclosed that tens of thousands of photographs had been taken during the search for flying-bomb bases in Northern France

I — THE BIG FOUR-ENGINED BOMBERS AND THE TWIN-ENGINED FIGHTER-BOMBERS stream across the Channel from England to take part in the battle for Caen. They have come to bomb targets specified by the Army—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

AIR AID FOR THE ARMY

The two pictures given here show how the co-ordination between air and land forces in Normandy is carried out. An unimposing little vehicle, planted right in the line, is manned by R.A.F. officers and situated alongside a vehicle occupied by the commander of the leading army brigade (see drawing below). From this visual control post, admirably sited, a close watch is kept on enemy movements. Directly a good target is found, out comes the bombing force—in this case Typhoons and Mitchells: within a few minutes they are going in to the attack. The maps of pilots and officers on the ground are identical and are marked off into squares. The ground officers are in direct radio-telephone communication with the fighters, and if anything is holding up the advance of our ground forces it is the work of a second to direct the aircraft to the spot to blast a way through for the tanks and infantry. For bigger targets, the "heavies" are frequently called for, and out they stream across the channel from bases in Southern England to unload their bombs on the designated spots. In the drawing above they are shown at work—Lancasters and Marauders, escorted by Mustangs (which are also capable of acting as fighter bombers)

II — HOW THE AIR ARM ASSISTS THE LAND FORCES IN THE NORMANDY BATTLE ZONE: R.A.F. and Army officers watching the fighting from a wireless-equipped jeep, which has been placed near a specially equipped wireless control car (on left). The maps used by these officers are marked off in squares and are identical with those carried by the pilots above: on them are marked the targets to be attacked—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

A TANK LANDING SHIP IS NOTED FOR ITS SWING: Here is one of them packed tight with British vehicles rolling through the Channel swell to the beaches in Normandy. The craft now being used for the reinforcement of the Army are big ships: they have grown enormously since the days when "invasion ships" meant small assault craft or, at best, flat-bottomed barges. To-day, the L.S.T.s can carry an immense amount of guns or tanks or vehicles, and can brave rough seas—although, in this case, they are not comfortable to handle! In addition to the L.S.T.s, merchantmen are also being used in big numbers to reinforce the Normandy armies, as depicted in the drawing below

Naval Aid to the Land Forces

THE NAVY BOMBARDS THE INVASION COAST

Whilst Supplies Still Pour on to the Beaches Across the Channel

Much of the counter-battery firing carried out by the Navy against the Germans on shore during the days preceding the capture of Caen was done by the now-famous British cruiser *Belfast*, working with the assistance of spotting aircraft. Helping her were the destroyer *Impulsive* and the Dutch gunboat *Flores*, both of which are also depicted in the drawing on the right, as well as other vessels. In addition to these, other ships took part (shown in the lower drawing) against targets ranging from Carpiquet airfield ten miles inland, to the south-west of Caen twenty miles away: these included the battleship *Rodney*, armed with 16-in. guns; the monitor *Roberts*, with 15-in. guns; the cruisers *Argonaut* and *Diadem*; and five destroyers. The *Roberts* sent 60 tons of shells within 100 minutes into a concentrated target near Carpiquet airfield, which lies three miles west of Caen: the monitor was then firing from the Orne estuary at a range of 18,000 yards.

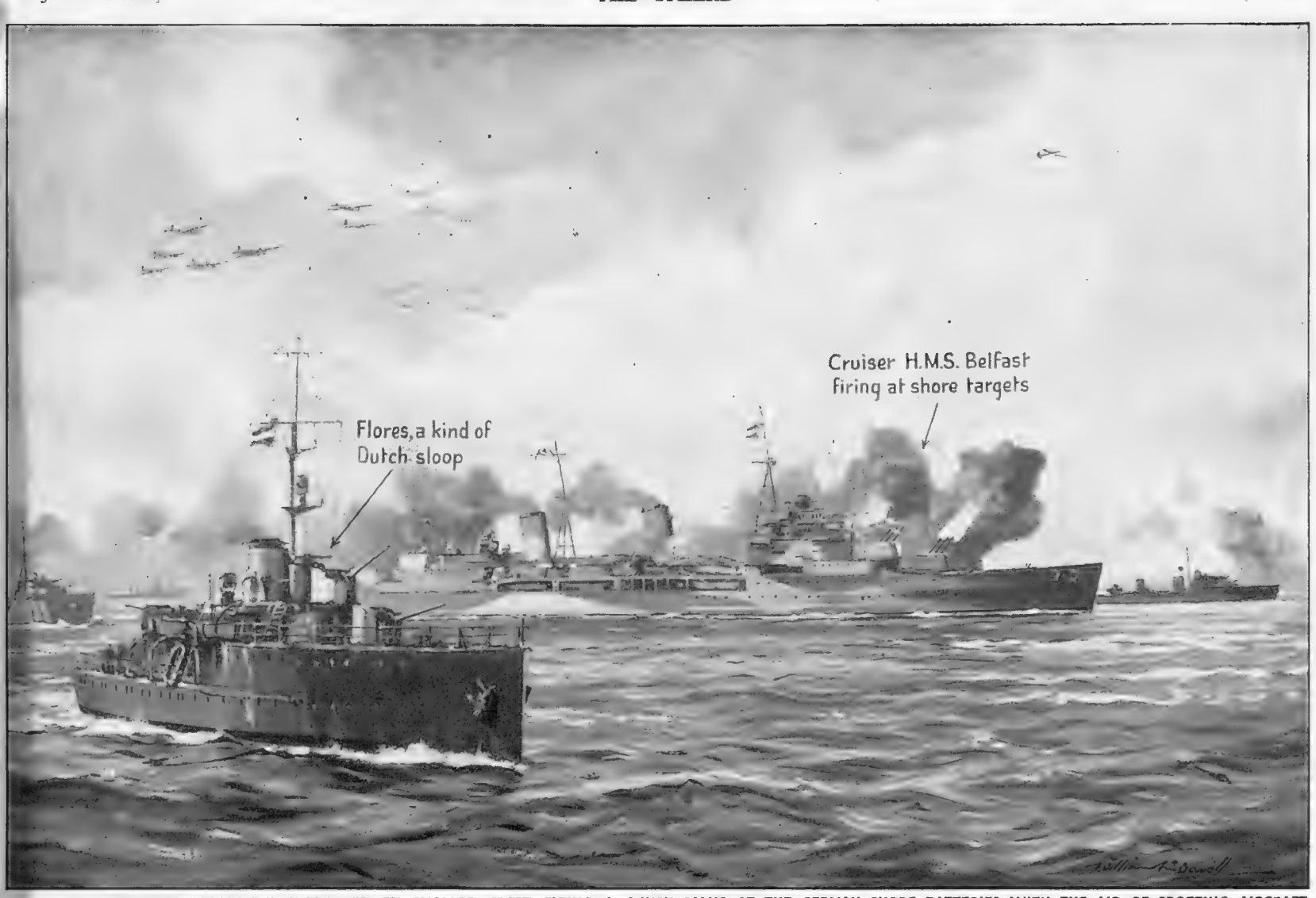
The German positions to the south of Caen were shelled by the heaviest guns at the rate of over 2,000 tons an hour for several hours a day. (This is equivalent to the tonnage dropped on Berlin during a 1,000-bomber raid.) Apparently, the battleships were standing off the coast at a distance of about three miles and sending their shells a distance of some 20 miles. Probably the rate of discharge was eighty salvos of nine tons each per hour from each battleship taking part.

The fire-power of one Fleet destroyer, it is interesting to note, has been reckoned as equivalent to that of one whole field battery of artillery: the fire-power of a 6-in. gun cruiser is equivalent to a medium regiment of artillery. There is, however, no land equivalent to the fire-power of an 8-in. gun cruiser or battleship.

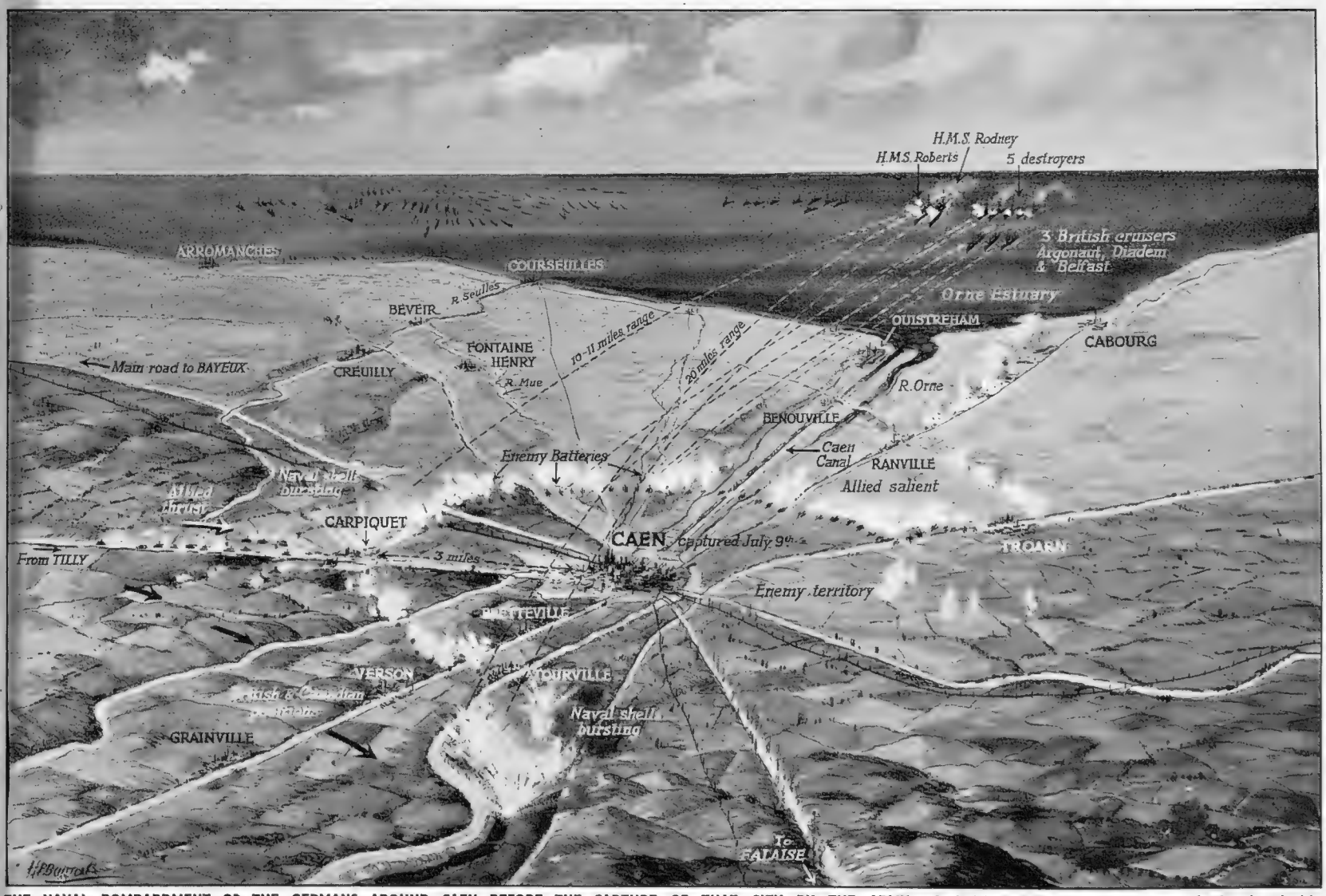
At first the Army were a little shy of asking for the aid of distant naval guns when our own positions were close to the target. The speed and precision of the naval gunners soon won the confidence of our men ashore. The Germans have in many ways admitted their dislike of the naval shelling. With their shore batteries silenced and the *Luftwaffe* apparently in no shape to interfere with the Allied warships, they resorted to subterfuges to relieve their harassed troops and to mislead our forward spotters.

THE TRAMP STEAMER PLAYS A BIG PART IN THE INVASION: So long as a large port is denied to us (and Cherbourg is not yet ready for full use), these vessels have acquired a new technique for discharging their cargoes direct on to the beaches—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Where the bottom is flat and sandy, the small cargo steamers can be brought up at high tide and grounded safely on the beach, thus allowing their cargoes to be transhipped direct into motor trucks alongside: the ships can then be floated off safely on the next high tide. The drawing above shows two tramps (the nearest is a Norwegian vessel) unloading direct into trucks and Ducks. It may not be generally known that the bottom of the average merchant ship is practically flat for its greater part, which allows it to sit safely on a beach free from rocks. Care must be exercised, of course, in the selection of a suitable place. If, for instance, the ship were laid across a hollow, or across a ridge, the hull might be permanently distorted by strains when the tide recedes and she settles down. Faster craft, such as cruisers and destroyers, have a "rise of floor"; that is to say, the bottom slopes upwards from the keel on either side: such vessels could not lie upright



THE FAMOUS CRUISER "BELFAST," SUPPORTED BY SMALLER CRAFT, FIRING A 6-INCH SALVO AT THE GERMAN SHORE BATTERIES WITH THE AID OF SPOTTING AIRCRAFT. Nearer inshore is the supporting destroyer "Impulsive," a pre-war type built in 1935 and carrying four 4·7-in. guns and five torpedo-tubes. The craft in the foreground is the "Flores," a Dutch "Kanonneerboot," a type roughly equivalent to the British sloop. She was built in Rotterdam in 1925 and carries three 5·9-in. guns as well as anti-aircraft weapons. Her chief feature is an armoured deck, and she is fitted with Flettner rudders and can carry a seaplane
(See notes at left)—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*



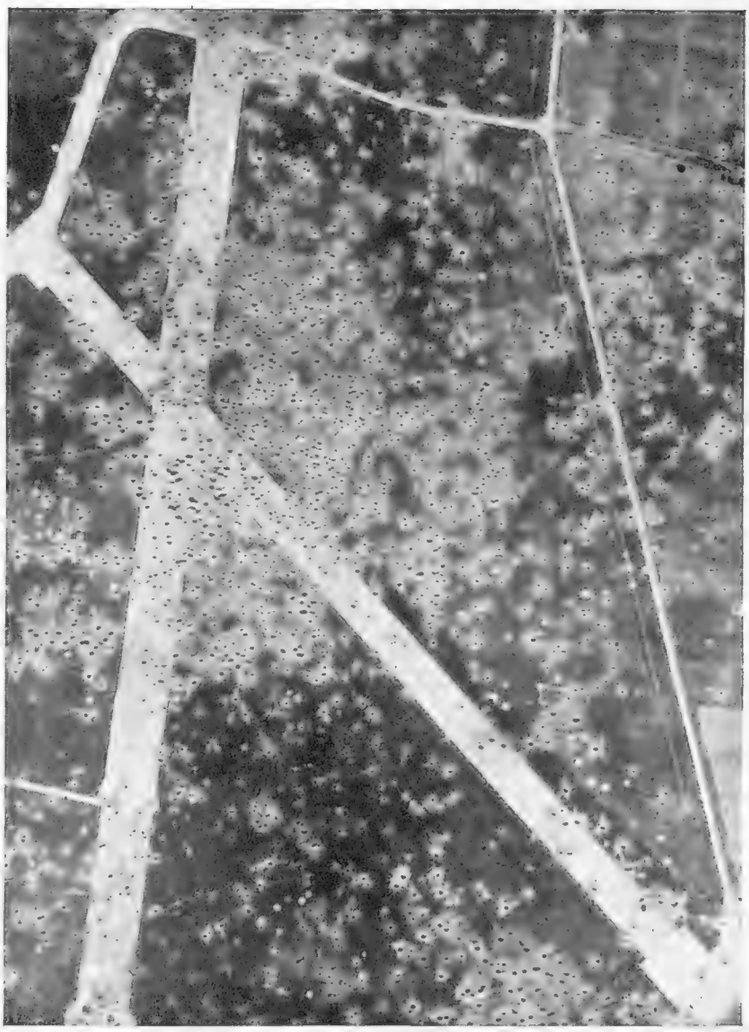
THE NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF THE GERMANS AROUND CAEN BEFORE THE CAPTURE OF THAT CITY BY THE ARMY. A British squadron, consisting of the battleship "Rodney," the monitor "Roberts," three cruisers and five destroyers, firing from the estuary of the Orne at ranges varying from 10 to 20 miles. The targets ranged from Carpiquet airfield to positions south of Caen—*Drawing by H. P. Burton* (See notes above at left)

ALLIED BOMBARDMENTS AND NAZI DEMOLITIONS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS SCENE OF DEVASTATION AT CHERBOURG. The picture was taken near the port's Railway Station, and shows a collapsed tower lying askew in the rubble which once held it high in the air. The Germans before departure not only blew up the great cranes on the quays, but also demolished the quays themselves. But this enemy demolition was anticipated: in any case, Cherbourg is a deep-water anchorage which could not be rendered useless for long

PICTURES from the FRENCH BATTLEGROUNDS

AMERICAN INGENUITY ON A FRENCH AIRFIELD. Air traffic of the Ninth Air Force planes on a landing-strip in Normandy is directed for landing and take-off from this checkerboard-covered cart by two American soldiers. Some of the landing-strips now being used are only a few miles from the enemy lines—so close, in fact, that instead of taking off in a southerly direction the aircraft are forced to start off towards the north and circle to gain height before crossing the enemy's positions

ALLIED AIRMEN LIVE IN UNDERGROUND DUG-OUTS. In sight of German observation posts and within range of enemy gunfire, the construction of airfields for the Allied Air Forces is being pushed on rapidly in Normandy. The construction men carry out their tasks openly, and sleep in tented dug-outs and slit trenches under nightly shell-fire. This picture, showing a Scot from Kirkintilloch having his morning shave in his shelter, was taken on the site of a new airfield only a few miles from the German lines. Note the steel cover to the dug-out below ground



BOMB CRATERS COVER A DISRUPTED "LUFTWAFFE" AERODROME. Hundreds upon hundreds of bombs have been dropped on the Evreux-Fauville airfield, about 50 miles to the north-west of Paris, between the latter city and Caen. These are the result of repeated attacks by heavy bombers of the U.S. Eighth Air Force, designed to keep the German aircraft on the ground during the fighting in Normandy. Such attacks as this might be one of the causes for the absence of the *Luftwaffe* from places where they are badly needed

SCENES from the BURMA BATTLEFIELD

When, during March, the Japanese crossed the Chindwin River and came on through some of the most difficult fighting country in the world, their immediate intention was to capture Imphal and to get to the Dimapur railhead. Owing to the gallant defence of Kohima, however, this plan was defeated and precious time was gained during which Indian troops were brought up as a relieving force.

These troops had to contend with severe natural obstacles and with fierce opposition. Battles were fought at a height of 5,000 ft., often in dense jungle, and troops loaded with full equipment had to struggle up from *nullahs* 2,000 ft. below in face of heavy fire. But with Kohima once more securely in our hands, a "vigorous offensive" phase followed, during which the vital Manipur Road was cleared of the enemy. Now the Allied Forces are pushing on against the Japs in most quarters in Burma, and making good progress despite the heavy monsoon rains

KOHIMA, THE BRITISH BASE IN BURMA, threatened by the Japs but now firmly back in Allied hands. A view of the bungalows and native sheds which form this Oriental "town"

THE WAR IN THE HILLS AROUND IMPHAL: British and Indian troops with supplies on a forward airfield waiting their turn to go into action. Transport aircraft are ready to take off in the background. In spite of the difficult monsoon conditions, these men are fighting stubborn battles against the Japs in the hilly country adjoining the Imphal Plain, having pushed the enemy out of Kohima and the surrounding ridges

THE NATURE OF THE COUNTRY in which the Burma fighting is taking place. Men of a famous British County Regiment combing the elephant grass for hidden Japanese snipers under cover of Bren-gun fire

THE "WING" CARRIES ON IN BURMA: Colonel Phil Cochran, who was the "Wing" of the famous "Wing and Beard" team of Cochran and Wingate, is seen (on left) conferring with Captain John Birkett and another British officer from one of the Chindit columns supplied by Colonel Cochran's "Air Commandos" in the interior of Burma. Following the death of General Wingate, Colonel Cochran carried on at his tasks of supply. The Chindit forces cut the enemy supply lines in Central Burma and did much to prevent reinforcements reaching the Japs whilst they were being beaten by Lieut.-General Stilwell's men in the north

CHINESE SIGNALMEN STRING COMMUNICATION WIRES IN BURMA. These men of a Chinese division are establishing a line along an important road in the North Burma battle area where American and Chinese troops captured the important airfield near Myitkyina. The Chinese soldier in the lead employs a pole to attach the signal wire to the branches of jungle trees, while members of the armed detachment unreel the wire

CIVILIAN LIFE IN THE LIBERATED REGIONS

A Series of Pictures from Normandy after the Passing of the Germans

IN THE VILLAGE OF LA EGLISE, NEAR LIESVILLE, two sisters—Mme. Madeleine Bazise and Mlle. Suzanne Lemoine (without scarf)—are being accused of collaboration with the Germans. Two French patriots (in foreground) are listening to a woman (in white scarf) who is denouncing them for their war record. The mother of the two accused sisters faces the camera in the centre

BRITISH TROOPS ON THE CAFÉ TERRACES OF BAYEUX. Furnished with French money, the Allies are bringing new life back to the cafés and estaminets of Normandy. This is a now-familiar scene in the towns and villages already liberated from the Germans—with British soldiers taking their ease in the open air, as the civilian men and women pass to and fro

GRANDE GUILLOTTE, AGED TWENTY-THREE, being conducted from her house to have her hair cut off as a punishment for her collaboration with the Germans in Normandy

GABRIELLE BOULET, AGED TWENTY-EIGHT, after she had been dragged from the Mayor's house at Liesville. The French-woman in the foreground soon afterwards cut off her hair, whilst the two patriots saw the sentence duly carried out

MME. JULIETTE AUDIEVE, AGED THIRTY-FIVE, another French-woman who "collaborated," is taken off by the patriots

THE PUNISHMENT FOR COLLABORATION. These pictures show with what hatred the Germans and all who collaborated with them are held by the great mass of the French people in the liberated regions of Normandy. The patriots are now taking their revenge and branding to the world all those who took the easy way under the German occupation. No political trials are being held at present, but between twenty and thirty persons whose previous actions suggested that they might endanger Allied security have been arrested by the French authorities and removed to internment in Cherbourg. It has been authoritatively stated that the total number of internees in that port may reach 500

MARKET DAY IN CHERBOURG, where civilian life is already normal again. The Place du Chateau in the Normandy port lies near the Bassin du Commerce: it is Cherbourg's principal market-place. As this picture shows, the square has been little touched by the war, and the life of the citizens has already returned to normal, with business progressing as usual. Vegetables and flowers are offered for sale here in great profusion. Under Allied control, the former French officials are now functioning again in conducting the municipal affairs of Cherbourg

TWO YOUNG FRENCHMEN ARE CONVICTED OF ESPIONAGE AGAINST THE ALLIES and are sentenced to imprisonment for life. These two men, handcuffed together between the gendarmes, are twenty and twenty-two years of age. They have just been tried in the Palais de Justice at Cherbourg—the first trial to be held in liberated France. Named Tournu and Leroy, both crossed the line with a German patrol on about June 20. Two or three days later they were arrested by the American Military Police, after information had been given by French civilians: when handed over to the French Security Police, they confessed: they also admitted attending a school for espionage and sabotage in Germany

R.A.F. MEDICAL OFFICERS OPEN A CLINIC FOR THE CAEN REFUGEES. Patients lining up for treatment at the entrance, where the doctor notes down details. The medical officers of an R.A.F. Mustang Fighter Wing are helping out the short-staffed civil medical services in their area by running a clinic for refugees from the Caen district. These refugees are living in a chateau within reach of the airfield: those needing treatment, mostly babies, come once a day to the former village school which is now the R.A.F. quarters. To see those who are unable to get to the clinic, the medical officers take turns to visit the chateau, where their patients are lodged with straw as bedding

EYE TREATMENT FOR A YOUNG FRENCH MOTHER is given by an R.A.F. doctor, whilst an airman orderly holds her baby. Note the family dog in the foreground

A SCENE IN THE STREETS OF BAYEUX. Louis Gude, the young town-crier, or "Tambour de Ville," uses a drum to collect a crowd to hear official announcements. He is here making it known that members of the Allied Forces are not to be served in cafes after 9.30 p.m.—by order of the Commanding General; and that Frenchmen who want civilian work with the Allies should apply at the former German Recruiting Office in the main street

LIFE RETURNS TO NORMAL: The main street in the village of Creully, showing local inhabitants on their way to High Mass. Although freedom has now been restored to parts of Normandy, there remain many problems which the Allies are in process of solving. The most urgent is the housing of thousands of refugees, many of whom have fled through the German lines to gain their freedom behind the Allied lines. Families have been split up, and the task of reuniting them is very difficult. These, and many other jobs, are being undertaken jointly by the local authorities, "Allied Civil Affairs," Allied Medical Services and the French people themselves. The feeding of the refugees at the moment is not difficult, because Normandy is one of the richest provinces in France and the food and dairy produce which was formerly sent to Germany and Paris is now available for local use. Despite many difficult problems and hardships, the population is carrying on, while every possible solution is swiftly examined and, once proved, pressed into service

BRITISH TROOPS IN BAYEUX SERVING FOOD TO FRENCH REFUGEES who escaped from Caen before the Allied capture of their city. This is a work which has been undertaken by "Allied Civil Affairs"

BUYING THE NEW LOCAL PAPER ESTABLISHED SINCE THE ALLIED OCCUPATION OF BAYEUX. Edited by Frenchmen, "La Renaissance du Bayeux" now gives the news uncoloured by German influences

NEW WEAPONS OF WAR

And New Devices Employed by the Germans in the Recent Fighting Around Caen

BRITISH WAR DOGS HUNT FOR MINES IN FRANCE : The dogs with some of the various enemy types they have located. The dogs of Britain, many of them household pets until a short time ago, are playing their part with the Allied Forces in France. They are acting as mine hunters, and it is their job to point out the places where the retreating Germans have laid their many and various mines. The dogs are even more successful than the most complicated mine-detecting apparatus, for they are the only means of detecting the deadly, all-wooden "Shoe Mine." The war dogs are given four months' training at a school, where they are taught to scent out mines laid in the ground with meat beside them. Then they learn to find the mine by itself, knowing that they will be rewarded with meat by the "handler," as the soldier in charge of them is called. Under good conditions, twenty dogs will clear a lane 16 yards wide at the rate of 200 yards in half an hour. White tapes are laid by sappers who go ahead with detecting apparatus to make a preliminary reconnaissance, and the dogs follow and clear the lanes. Sappers then neutralise and dig up the mines, which are indicated by the white cones

THE GERMAN "PEOPLE'S CAR," now used as an amphibious craft in Normandy. For years before the War, German families, who could not otherwise afford to purchase a car, made a periodical subscription towards a "People's Car" which was to be manufactured at low cost and in large numbers. Few, if any, ever received the cars they had paid for in advance—here is the reason. In Libya, a number of them were used by the Afrika Korps; and now in Normandy they have been found serving as amphibious vehicles. This Volkskraftwagen was captured by a British armoured unit from the Twelfth S.S. Panzer Division (Hitler Jugend): it has been repainted and is being used by the British regiment which captured it

ONE OF THE "SECRET WEAPONS" OF THE HOME GUARD : The 3-in. smooth-bore mobile gun invented by Major W. H. Smith. The existence of this weapon was only disclosed recently: it is a light, dual-purpose gun combining some of the characteristics of the howitzer with those of an anti-tank gun. Its great advantage lies in its mobility and simplicity: it can be towed behind an ordinary car or motor-cycle. It can knock out a tank with its 10-lb. shell fired at a range of about 300 yards: it has a crew of two, and it can fire either anti-tank or anti-personnel shells. The towing-bar of the Smith gun is the actual gun-barrel; one of the wheels is the gun-platform, and the other is the shield for the gunners. It can go into action in a matter of seconds by merely turning the gun on one of the wheels.

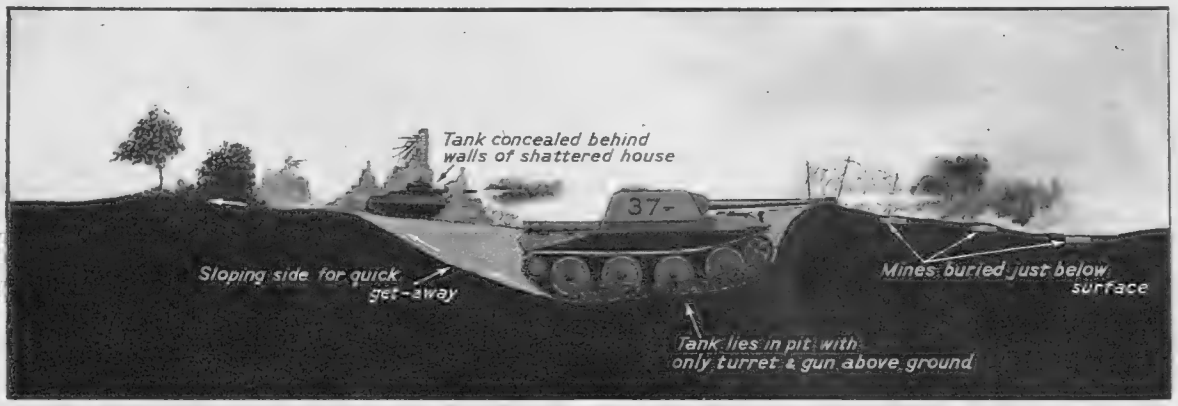
THE PRODUCTION OF A NEW AMERICAN MACHINE-GUN : This deadly weapon is the American Army's new ·45-calibre sub-machine gun, the M.3. It is 5½ lb. lighter than the widely-used Thompson ("Tommy") gun; but it is stated that the new weapon is much cheaper to manufacture and is just as effective in battle

AN OVERTURNED AND BURNT-OUT TIGER TANK on the battlefield to the south-west of Caen. At one time this was Germany's principal armoured fighting vehicle: of late, however, it has been somewhat displaced by the Panther. The Tiger weighs about sixty tons: it has thick armour, and mounts one of the big 88-mm. guns of which the German are so fond. Although the enemy are proud of their Panzer Divisions, frequently the Tigers operate apart from these as independent "task forces" in guerilla fighting. Many of them have been destroyed

A SCENE FROM THE ITALIAN BATTLE ZONE : One of the enemy "Nebelwerfers," or multiple-mortars, fully loaded and with sights and fuses set, abandoned by the Germans during their flight before the Eighth Army

SOME OF THE GERMAN DEFENSIVE DEVICES USED IN THE BATTLE FOR THE CARPIQUET AIRFIELD, NEAR CAEN: Tanks sunk into the ground, machine-guns installed in revolving "mushrooms" and periscope-equipped machine-gun pits. By means of such devices the Germans were able to put up a very strong defence, and fighting for possession of the airfield went on for hours—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

At the Carpiquet aerodrome, apart from the strong artillery- and mortar-fire from the neighbourhood of Caen, the Germans were found to have protected the airfield with machine-guns on the ground mounted in revolving "mushroom" emplacements. These were exceedingly difficult to attack. Among the hangars and at other points there were machine-gun positions of equal ingenuity, designed on the principle of a rabbit warren with a number of alternative exits: machine-guns were mounted on fixed lines; thus the gunner, watching his target through a periscope, had no need to come to the surface and traverse his weapons. When the Canadians fought their way into the warrens, the machine-gunners had disappeared down another passage-way. Tanks were dug in hull-down among the hangars as block-houses, and 88-mm. guns were planted at commanding points. How these tanks were able to fight and then run away is shown in the drawing on the right. Instead of digging in the tanks into the ground, the Germans ran them into concrete emplacements, leaving a way clear so that they could be withdrawn when the position became untenable



ANOTHER GERMAN DEVICE USED IN THE FIGHTING AROUND CAEN. Tanks dug into the ground, but with a sloping bank on the far side for a quick get-away. In front of such positions the enemy had erected barricades of barbed wire and thickly-strewn minefields—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

A NEW "SUPER GLIDER" USED BY THE U.S. ARMY: Here are two views of the aircraft in use at the Laurinburg-Maxton Army Air Base, in North Carolina. It is a giant construction, with plywood wings, which can carry thirty fully-equipped infantrymen. At the top, a jeep is running down the ramp from the open nose, towing a light field-gun; below, the glider is about to take off behind a C. 47 tow-plane. The glider has been designated the CG. 13: it has a tricycle landing gear, which experiments have proved to be superior for landings on rough terrain

A MIDGET MOTOR-CYCLE FOR JUNGLE COMMUNICATIONS: This miniature vehicle is now being used on the Burma front. It is light and portable, and since it takes up so little space and weighs but a fraction of the full-sized type, it is ideal for transport in large numbers by air. One man can easily load one cycle at a time into a transport aircraft. The machine does not have to be disassembled when being conveyed by air, and is thus ready for immediate use when the troops are disembarked. In this picture, one of the midgets is seen being used on a base airfield in Bengal

HITLER and the GERMAN GENERALS

Are they Jibbing at the Führer's "Past-Midnight" Madness; and have they been Influenced by the Captive Generals in Russian Hands?

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE intention is not to visit upon you a rehash of the old story about the German Generals being at loggerheads with, or plotting against, Hitler, but to recognise as abnormal the current casualties among these Generals and to explore some possible explanations.

As the Russians call it "a General a day" and Normandy also has something to say, the total I give—thirty-five—should be left well behind when this article appears. But sufficient unto the present: thirty-five German Generals surrendering themselves, killed and meeting with "tragic accidents" inside of three weeks or so, and the majority of them high-ranking officers above divisional commanders, though these form the base. Group or area commanders like Dietl and Dollmann, artillery and fortress commanders like Marcks and von Schlieben, Generals of mountain and assault formations and a whole series of corps commanders.

At this writing twenty-one have been taken alive, ten have been reported killed in action, three have met with those tragic accidents, and one has been dismissed, though this last is almost certainly an under-assessment. For example, there has been a curious absence of news about Guderian, of tanks, and Student, of parachutes, each of whom have been vamped up for leading parts in connection with the West Wall landing.

Considering its relative size, as a front, Normandy is keeping well up, with six German Generals killed and two taken in surrender, all quite senior officers. The mortality has been heavier than on the Russian front, where only four have been killed, and this promotes an initial reflection. Have all these *Wehrmacht* Generals in the west really been slain in fair fight, as alleged? The Army Gestapo and Waffen S.S. have a special recipe for removing unwanted Generals in the very heat of battle, as was first demonstrated in the case of General von Fritsche, before Warsaw. Obviously, too many "tragic accidents" like Dietl's and Eglseer's cannot be announced, and the next readiest solution for the Nazis is to announce that bumped-off Generals have "died gloriously before the enemy."

DIED OF AN ILLNESS: Colonel-General Hans Jeschonaek, Chief of Staff of the *Luftwaffe*, who was stated to have died at Göring's headquarters on August 19, 1943, following a serious illness. That was the account put out by a German radio station

The surrendering by Generals is almost entirely an Eastern Front affair, though there was an example at Cherbourg which governs the lot. We heard of the Junker, von Schlieben, giving himself up and refusing to order his troops to do the like. This is the normal recipe. These Generals order their troops to "fight on to the last" and then give themselves up, with a "Heil Hitler!" Whether this covers them with the Führer we can only speculate; but to me it seems to speak the will-to-self-preservation-for-a-purpose of the old, unchanging, Teutonic leopard, the Junker.

There do seem to be several reasons why German Generals should wish to get out while (they think) the getting out is still good.

Some of them may feel the climate unhealthy on account of their failure to make any impression on the Allies with regard to unconditional surrender: they may have grasped that there is nothing whatever doing in regard to terms so long as Hitler is there. Falkenhausen was apparently the first of several Generals sent to neutral capitals in search of a compromise.

Then it is worth noting that a high proportion of senior *Wehrmacht* Generals have family ties with East Prussia, if they aren't landed Junkers there. Such men would have special reason for trying to end the war before the Russians manhandle that province.

Nor is it just wishful thinking to picture these Junker Generals, and other Generals not of that caste, as distinctly averse to sharing Hitler's reported plan—and the idea stands up—for a last stand in a German mountain *maquis*. The descendants of Teutonic Knights don't do such things. The very idea of defending caves beside low Nazi gangsters! Goebbels hints at some trouble of this nature in the latest issue of *Das Reich*. "If the war has reached an impasse," he writes, "it is because it has deviated from its original aim." Which was to conquer Europe and more. That was okay with the *Wehrmacht* Generals. But it is quite another matter to go into a cave with Hitler and help bring down Europe in ruin and horror. Maybe all German Generals don't see this as a war aim in the same light as do the Nazi leaders.

Hitler's "past-midnight" madness of emulating Frederick the Great may well leave these cold Junkers colder still when they observe the flagrant differences between the military and political situation in 1763, when, ruined and beaten in the field, Frederick successfully sowed dissension among his conquerors, to emerge eventually victorious, and the position in 1944, with once-bitten Allies closing in upon Germany in triumphant power and purpose. Far more likely, from dismissed Rundstedt down, do the German Generals dream of salving what they can of the Army in an early peace, leaving sufficient for its reconstruction under cover, as General von Seeckt contrived in the '20's with the 1914-18 Army. Most of the *Wehrmacht* seniors were young Regular officers in that army, and their survival sense is not surpassed.

In this respect, one of the rare utterances of Rear-Admiral Thomson, Chief Press Censor, may be resurrected. He forecast that when the German Army had been driven back over the German frontiers, then the German Generals would organise a strike on the home front and try to persuade the people that it was not the German Army, but the people on the home front, who had been responsible for their collapse.

A GERMAN GENERAL WHO STILL LIVES: Field-Marshal-General Sperrle, "on an inspection-tour of German defence positions" on the Atlantic coast. The picture was taken on June 1, 1944; the Allied invasion of the same "defence positions" took place on June 6, 1944

This would be near enough to what Ludendorff and Hindenburg managed to put over when Foch was breaking through towards Germany in 1918.

Whatever is happening among the *Wehrmacht* high-ups, one further clue merits notice: the disparity between the number of German Generals surrendering respectively in the east and west. Up to this writing, nineteen have allowed themselves to be taken in Russia, against two in Normandy.

Size of terrain alone can hardly account for this almost ten-to-one disparity. Is it sound to look for at least a partial explanation in the likelihood that for over a year the German Generals in the east must have been closely interested in two of their number, Generals von Seydlitz and von Daniels, as these have invited their brother-commanders still fighting to forget about Hitler and to save themselves and Germany . . . with Russian assistance? Seydlitz and Daniels were captured at Stalingrad, and were soon persuaded to broadcast from Moscow under the ægis of the Soviet-sponsored "Free Germany" organisation.

I now learn that these broadcasts were first of all directed at young German N.C.O.s and the ranks, but that here were found the hardest Nazi nuts; that on switching the broadcasts to senior German officers, those in charge soon found they were making an impression; and that the broadcasting by Seydlitz and Daniels, assuredly far and away the most telling Haw-Haws of the war, has plumbed the possibilities of the case so thoroughly that it was not deemed worth while approaching Von Paulus with a view to his broadcasting too, as he was known to be so unpopular with all his brother-commanders. But—over to Moscow, and this is Seydlitz effervescing for the benefit of brother-commanders still foolish enough to continue battling for Hitler:

"You know that Hitler has lost the war and that nothing can be won for the future of Germany through continued resistance. No sane person doubts any longer that Hitler and his regime will disappear. German Generals will be finally responsible not to him, but solely to the German people, who will have to pay the debts he has accumulated. I deem it my duty to remind you in deep earnest that you too will have to justify your conduct before the German people. The lives of a vast number of young Germans are in your hands. You can save them in two ways: Either by an honourable capitulation or by joining the National Committee. Make contact with me through the plenipotentiaries of the Committee. I shall then give you further confidential information which is of decisive importance for the future of Germany and which will facilitate your decision."

DIED OF AN ACCIDENT: General Dietl, in command of the German troops in Northern Finland, who was killed a few weeks ago in an aircraft accident over his native Austria. This again was the German version of the General's death

Stalin has long made it possible for his captured German Generals to contact indirectly their brother-commanders still fighting, and, without much doubt, one of Seydlitz's special baits has been this statement made by Stalin on November 7, 1942: "Our aim is not to destroy all armed force in Germany, because any intelligent man will understand that this is as impossible in the case of Germany as in the case of Russia. It would be unreasonable on the part of the victor to do so." What may be Stalin's ideas *now* on this pre-Stalingrad pronouncement, which is at variance with western conceptions, need not be discussed; suffice that Uncle Joe is not known for lack of finesse.

Meanwhile, it is not unreasonable to suppose that an increasing number of German Generals imagine they see a way of saving the foundations of their Army, and maybe more, by relying on the Red Army, which they themselves did so much to train in its early days, and that hence comes the otherwise unaccountably large number of high-ranking Generals surrendering themselves to the Russians. Incidentally, "Free Germany's" appeal to "the new patriotism," backed by the signatures of a large number of German officer prisoners, bears the old black-white-red colours of Imperial Germany.

These high casualties among German Generals are worth investigating, and I have not done more. For I believe that Hitler will get sufficient Generals to back him on what looks like being his last throw: to stick it through the winter in a northern triangle, Normandy-Liége-Holland, if nowhere else outside the Reich, so as to hurl heavier stuff on Britain through the long nights and the foggy days.

INVASION NEWS-ITEMS FROM FRANCE AND ENGLAND

WREN "GUN-GIRLS" GOING ABOARD A NORMANDY INVASION SHIP: Here is Betty Cotsford, who comes from London, going aboard a Tank Landing Craft as it comes in to load up for the beaches. She is one of a band of girls who clean the guns immediately the ships arrive from the other side. Betty has helped to service nearly eighty guns for these craft since D-Day

THE "HARD MISTRESS" CHECKS UP WITH THE SKIPPER: This Wren officer, Third Officer Audrey Canhan, of Kensington, sees every landing craft off as it departs from her beach. She sees that the ship has enough fuel, food, cigarettes, tobacco, and all the code books and signals; she also takes the men's mail ashore. Here she is checking up with the skipper of the craft

PLASTIC "MONEY" FOR CANTEENS IN FRANCE: A limited first issue for N.A.A.F.I. being stamped out. As an indication of one of the minor difficulties being encountered by the Army in France, it has just been announced that a first issue of plastic money is now being made for the exclusive use of N.A.A.F.I. canteens. The plastic coins are half-franc tokens, and they are being issued to prevent a shortage of small change. The main issue (some million pieces) will be of a different design and will follow on the first pieces illustrated on the right

THE NEW TOKEN PIECES which will now become "currency" in British canteens in Normandy

THE AIRMAN WHO LAY HIDDEN IN CAEN FOR THIRTY-THREE DAYS—Squadron Leader Eric Sprawson, D.F.C. A Lancaster bomber pilot, he parachuted into Caen on Invasion Day after being shot down by a German fighter. As he landed in a field he was pounced on by Frenchmen: within twenty minutes he was in civilian clothes and on the way to concealment. Throughout the bombardments and bombings he lay hidden, turning out to greet the British forces on their arrival in the town after thirty-three days of concealment. His wife was one of England's best-known squash players before the war; her second son was born in London two weeks ago

THE GIRL WHOSE PHOTOGRAPH IS FIRED AT THE GERMANS. "Toni from America" is the Allies' newest weapon on the Italian front. "Toni" is a Broadway actress, Miss Virginia Robinson, who recently arrived in Italy to join U.S.O. (the American equivalent of E.N.S.A.). Her picture is fired at the Germans by the thousand, and she broadcasts to the enemy troops daily in excellent German. Between music she tells the enemy soldiers a few facts, and sows doubts in their minds as to whether Hitler is all that he claims to be

A NEW ROLE FOR A FAMOUS FILM ACTOR. Lieut.-Colonel David Niven, who returned from Hollywood as soon as war was declared, is now attached to S.H.A.E.F. Here he is seen in his tent in Normandy

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A WEEK OF VARIED READING

The Hotel Business from the Inside, or Rats to Riches; Poetry from the Navy and the Air Force; A Charming Bluestocking and an American Cinderella

WHAT do you really know about hotels beyond what you have discovered for yourself—from the guests' point of view—or what you have read in the novels of such experts on the subject as Mrs. Vicki Baum or the late Mr. Arnold Bennett? The answer to that one is "Nothing," or should be, if I 'm allowed to have my fun. (And who writes this page, anyway?) "Nothing at all," you will obediently answer, leaving yourselves wide open for about a column of instruction from one who is in the happy position of having read the book of the week, HOTEL RECEPTIONIST (Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.).

Now, this is not a novel that Miss Dorothy Gray has written, and therefore it is evidently strictly factual: an account of Miss Gray's own experiences an hotel, more than the impossibly long hours, the inadequate pay, the cold, cramped and often dark accommodation, Miss Gray stresses the loneliness of the life of a woman employee, if her job takes her to a town away from her own home, and this in turn is a direct result of her limited opportunities of time and privacy; she has no sitting-room and is not allowed to use the hotel's public rooms.

Though it is a fascinating document, and often a very funny one, it is not cheering and should not encourage any man, woman or child to adopt the profession of hotel work. The enigma, however, remains. This has been the chosen work for a score of years of a woman with great intelligence, humour and ability. You don't explain that one, Miss Gray.

A MAN WHOSE FACE WE ALL SHOULD KNOW: It is that of Mr. Edward H. Fryer, the Secretary of the Automobile Association, who succeeded Sir Stenson Cooke some months ago. He is here seen with the Countess of Bessborough (on left) and the Dowager Countess of Reading, Chairman of the W.V.S. The occasion was the handing-over by the Automobile Association of three 10-cwt. Fordson vans, on behalf of the Canadian Ladies' Golf Union, to the W.V.S. The Countess of Bessborough is a past-President of the Union: she received them from Mr. Fryer and, in turn, handed them over to Lady Reading. The Automobile Association had purchased and equipped the vans on behalf of the Canadian ladies

(she is apt to distrust hearsay) in twenty years in a variety of hotels. Miss Gray has worked chiefly as a bookkeeper and, since hotels are run ostensibly as money-making concerns, has been in an excellent position to examine the interior economy of each hotel.

From her findings emerge some very interesting things. That hotel organisation, for instance, is many years behind the standard of organisation in any other business. That no tip, however small and to whatever member of an hotel staff, will ever be refused because none of them, except possibly the linen-room keeper, is paid a living wage. That there is scarcely any immorality among the female members of that staff because, briefly, they are too tired for it. And that an alarmingly high proportion of hotels are rat-ridden.

The writer's qualities of humour and sang-froid are most apparent when she is writing about these creatures, who would cross the floor of her office "with leisurely dignity," and sit up on the table peeling lemon-pips with their forepaws, and making neat piles of the skins. I think her statement, "I never made any active attempts at friendliness . . . and very seldom even spoke to them," shows her in her true mettle!

One of the most extraordinary stories she tells is of another type of rat. It concerns the closing-down of one of the most celebrated hotels of the last century, with a name known throughout Europe. The hotel was not forced to close because of a change in public taste or for any other reason than that the entire staff of nearly 200 had, *without exception*, for about fifteen years been appropriating in money and stock amounts varying between two and seven pounds a week. The honest staff had gradually been ousted, and the place was, quite literally, a den of thieves.

Stories of incredible dirt in hotel kitchens are quite untrue, says Miss Gray, and if there should be a beetle in some dish it would only be because that dish had been left uncovered at night and that beetles, being hungry, and "like all God's creatures, subject to the laws of gravity," had fallen in. And if that doesn't give you a philosophical attitude towards the odd cockroach, I know nothing that will.

Unexpected things come in for Miss Gray's condemnation. "Menus," for instance, "are strange things, with a special curse on them," and adds something I never knew, that luncheon menus should be written in English and dinner menus in French. More than any other aspect of working in

Lieutenant J. H. B. Peel, author of IN THE COUNTRY (Watts. 5s.), is a serving officer in the R.N.V.R. These are the plain verses of a countryman who has the courage to write with simplicity and directness of the rural England he loves, of harvest and of grain, "of hay and home and all things holy." Many of the poems are naïve in the extreme, and will satisfy the reader who likes to come on a comfy ode at the foot of the newspaper column.

Such a one will not find occasion for levity in such phrases as "great Doomsday's ponderous tome" or "ye pools with placid looks," or "the beasts in muted melancholy mutely move." These homely little verses will indeed remind him how ageless are the furrows, how time is like a scythe and, of course, how April is like a wayward girl. In fact, he should enjoy himself very much, provided he has the honesty to admit to himself that the author of *Trees* is a better poet than William Wordsworth.

AIR FORCE POETRY (John Lane. 7s. 6d.) is something else again. This brief anthology of poems by men serving in the R.A.F. and Fleet Air Arm is offered "with the conviction that it will demonstrate . . . that a man may fight and yet keep his soul, that a poet is a poet, whatever he is called upon to face." Six of the contributors have died in action.

Here is a record of intensely-felt aspects of the war in the air, where "the steel-jawed chatter of bullets" breaks the silence above the night clouds. Here are verbal expressions of Lidice, of the moment of take-off, of searchlights over Berlin, of the arid red sand wind of the desert. The anthology should be read as battlefront journalism, a personal and sensitive record of fighting experience.

Few of the writers have the maturity of mind or tranquillity of heart which would enable them to distil this experience into poetry of permanent significance, but this is not to deny the book its value and its place. Of the two editors, John Pudney's terse and cogent work is well represented, and the prolific Henry Treece is impressive, in spite of his usual violence of imagery. Some of the best poems are by John Bayliss, Vernon Watkins and Gervase Stewart. The book is well produced and can be recommended.

Miss Kathleen Wallace has written an imaginative biography of some charm and very little force in GRACE ON THEIR DOORPOSTS (Heinemann. 6s.). This little novel is the story of a girl who grows up in Cambridge among gentle and delightful surroundings. She is Veronica Ramsay, the daughter of a young history don, and she is brought up, in the early 1900's, with the children of other college professors.

Together they attend the grave, elegant, witty college parties, learn to speak French and German as easily as English, and are imbued with a deep love of Cambridge and her ways. In due course, Veronica goes to school, and under the influence of a benevolent godfather she comes to love Charlotte Yonge and Jane Austen and, later, Browning. She is just seventeen when a young man falls in love with her in his own mooncalf, inarticulate way, but just before her coming-out party her father dies and her mother takes Veronica away to a lonely life on the Norfolk coast.

Not for twenty years does Veronica revisit Cambridge, and then it is as a distinguished author and the mother of four children. This gentle and whimsically-told biography probably does not mean as much to the reader as the author, who lovingly fusses over Cambridge and her principal character, but never endows either with much significance. Veronica's story is desperately straightforward, and only once touches drama, when she is divided between loyalty to her widowed mother and the obligation to lead her own life. But even this situation is soon swept away, and the book ends as dreamily as it began.

IF I COME HOME (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) is a Cinderella story in reverse: the tale of a rich and beautiful girl who falls in love with a young labourer, persuades him to marry her, and spends the next few months trying to persuade herself that her life, on nine dollars a week, is now happy and complete. The setting is California, but not even in the land of sunshine and abundant orange-juice can the girl Brooke work out her problem, and she finally returns to her parents' luxurious home with only one small baby to show for her trouble.

Since the reader has been longing for just that solution since the beginning of Chapter III, the conclusion is, in a sense, satisfactory, and there is no doubt that Miss Nellise Child can write a very readable novel, but all the situations seem to exist in a kind of vacuum, or rather a very expensive picnic Thermos.

A FINE PIECE OF DESCRIPTIVE WRITING: The following literary effort accompanied the above picture: it was written by the American photographer who took it—"Lieut. Olive Field, Army nurse from Lebanon, Pa., decided that photographers should have bells around their necks like bird-hunting cats. She did a quick fade when the camera pointed her way as she was taking a sun-bath outside her tent at an evacuation hospital on the Anzio beachhead. Her dog, Eric, also looks resentful, which is why this is a long shot and not a close-up. Girl in the background is not identified"

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

Library books suitable for the sailor boys in training are much needed to augment the depleted shelves. Will any reader help these boys in their leisure or studious hours by sending any helpful books? Address: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

'Excellent biscuits' . . .

SAID THE PRINCE

'Your Royal Highness's munificence' said Dr. Oliver, pocketing the Prince's cheque, 'cannot be exceeded save by'... 'the quality of your excellent biscuits,' interrupted the Prince. Already famous among the fashionables of that day were these excellent biscuits invented by Dr. Oliver. After more than two centuries their unique palatability and flavour remain unchanged. Wartime demands have made Bath Oliver Biscuits less plentiful, but they should be readily available again when the world returns to peace.

Fortts

BATH OLIVER

BISCUITS

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

STOCKS ARE LIMITED BUT—

Ensign FILM

is worth asking for

Ensign Ultrachrome Films are available in standard sizes and at standard prices

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI.

BOOTH'S DRY GIN

Definitely Superior!

MAXIMUM PRICES: 25/3 PER BOTTLE; HALF BOTTLE 13/3 (U.K. ONLY)

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

Where's it all going?

Where it will do most good—as the Wehrmacht will continue to find out. *What's it all for?* For this and that—the war drive couldn't do without it, you know. *What is it anyway?* Just a part of Austin's wartime production. Further than that we must not say. For, like most of today's important work, this Austin contribution to Victory must remain secret.

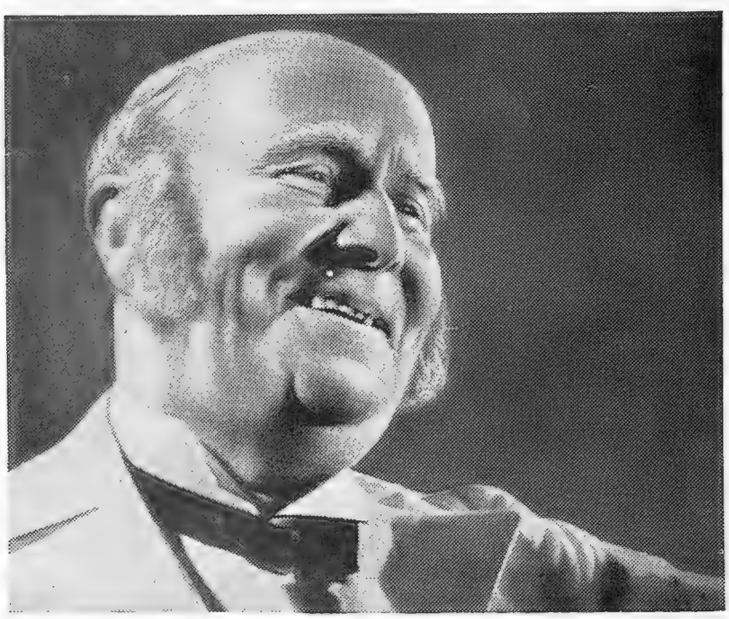
AUSTIN

Read the Austin Magazine—4d monthly or 6/6 a year post free

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

There is always someone fiercely reminding those who fight –though not in words– "Do not relax!" That someone is the enemy. And that message is also for us in Britain. It is stern reality that says SALUTE THE FIGHTING FORCES with more and yet more saving!

Issued by the National Savings Committee



As easy to make as a cup of tea

says OLD HETHERS

Since you cannot buy Robinson's Barley Water in bottles for the time being, you will do well to take Old Hethers' advice and make it for yourself from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. The simple directions are on the tin; and if you cannot get hold of a lemon or an orange for flavouring, use the juice of stewed or tinned fruit; honey or jam.

Barley Water from

ROBINSON'S

'Patent' BARLEY

CVS-28

Tele. WHI. 3343

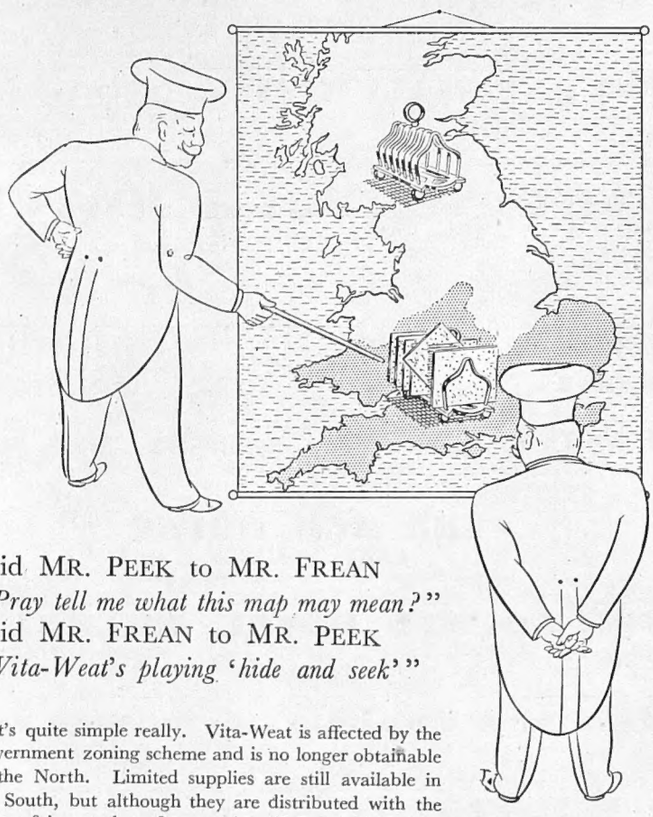
Tele. WHI. 3343

UNIFORMS FOR THE UNITED FORCES

THE BURBERRY—World's Best Weatherproof

BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

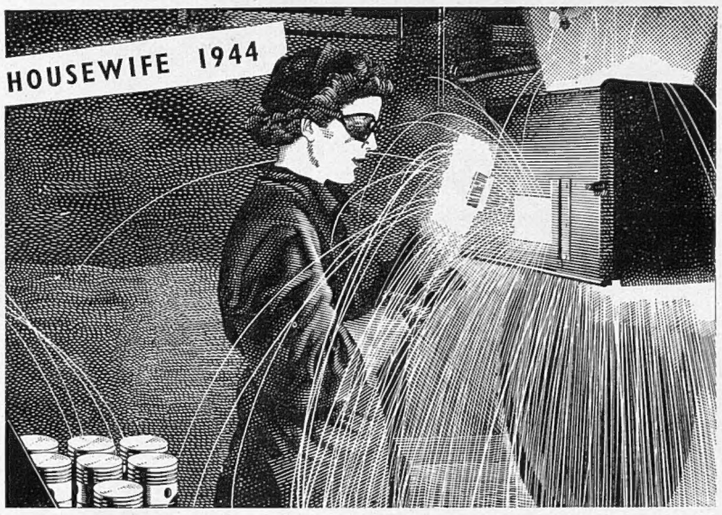


Said MR. PEEK to MR. FREAN
"Pray tell me what this map may mean?"
Said MR. FREAN to MR. PEEK
"Vita-Weat's playing 'hide and seek'"

It's quite simple really. Vita-Weat is affected by the Government zoning scheme and is no longer obtainable in the North. Limited supplies are still available in the South, but although they are distributed with the utmost fairness, they often require a little 'seeking out'! Of course, Mr. Peek and Mr. Frean will be all over the map again as soon as the war is won.

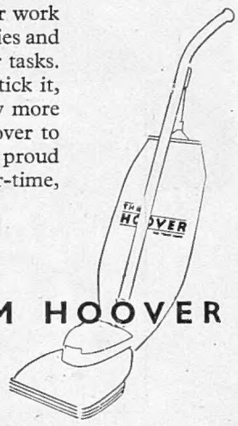
Vita-Weat REGD **PEEK FREAN'S CRISPBREAD**

Made by Peek Frean & Co. Ltd., makers of famous biscuits



The Hand that held the Hoover welds the Steel!

Not many of our housewives are doing jobs of war work like this! The great majority of those in the factories and workshops are plugging away on far less spectacular tasks. But whatever the job these "Housewives 1944" stick it, and run their homes as well! Many of them, now more than ever, must bless the day they bought a Hoover to save their sorely needed time and energy! We're proud to have helped them do a "double job" in war-time, and in admiration say—



Salute! FROM HOOVER

Hoover users know best what improvements they would like in the post-war Hoover. Suggestions are welcome.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI AND H.M. QUEEN MARY
HOOVER LIMITED, PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX

WE ALWAYS MAKE THE BEST POSSIBLE

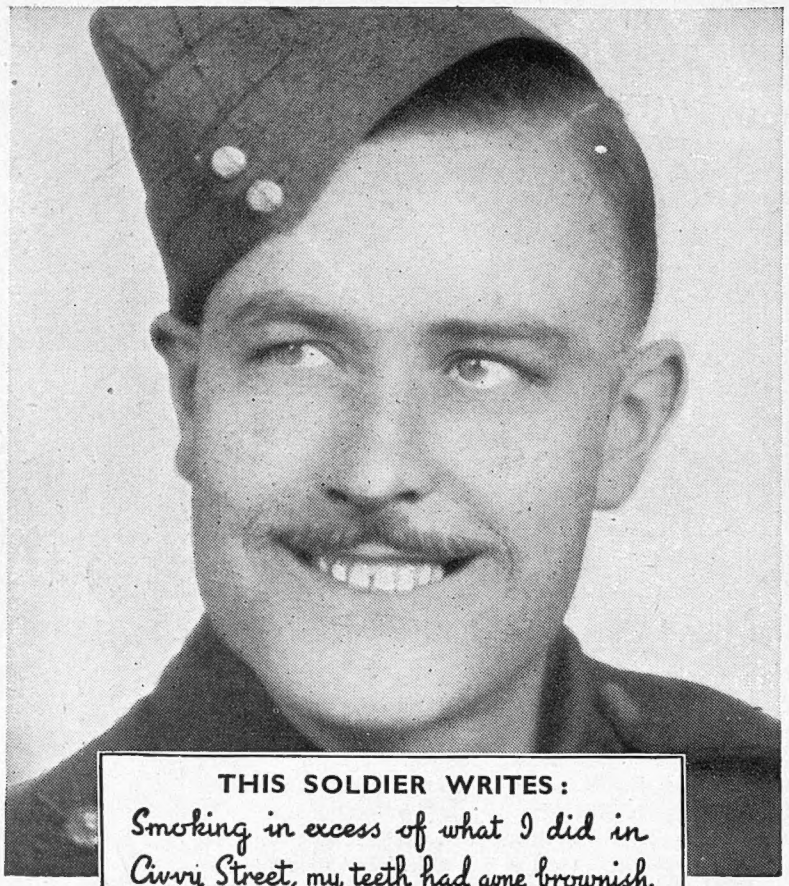
BY APPOINTMENT

In Peace time it is
'Golden Shred'
Now it's
J.R JELLY MARMALADE

Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED." Fruit is controlled, but *quality* cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill, coupled with our 80 years' old tradition, still count for a lot.

It's a Robertson Product-*you can depend on it*

JAMES ROBERTSON AND SONS (P.M.) LTD.
Golden Shred Works - London - Paisley - Manchester - Bristol



THIS SOLDIER WRITES:

Smoking in excess of what I did in Civvy Street, my teeth had gone brownish. My pal said, "Try Eucryl". I said, "Powder's no good." However, I bought a tin and my teeth are like pearls. It's Eucryl now for me.

EUCRYL TOOTH POWDER

SOLD IN TINS 9d. AND 1/3

"If ifs and ands were pots and pans . . ."

. . . says the old nursery rhyme, "there'd be no work for tinkers." And if every child had a real home and loving parents there would be no work for us. Unfortunately there are still only too many children being badly treated or otherwise in need of wise and loving care. Since war began we have accepted 10,000 children, each one of them sorely in need of our help. Our picture shows just a few out of all these thousands. Will you help us to keep them happy and open our doors to others?

10/- will keep one of them for a week.

Any help (however small) gratefully received by the Secretary,

W. R. Vaughan, O.B.E., Church of England

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

JOEL STREET, PINNER, Middlesex, England

(Bankers: Barclays Bank Ltd., Kennington, S.E.11)

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

BOURNE HALL HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH

Offers shops, scenery and plenty of sunshine. Provides admirable quarters in a central position. Bridge, Billiards, Warmth and plenty of breathing-space. From 5 gns. per week. *Resident Directors:* Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bray.

THE NORFOLK HOTEL

BOURNEMOUTH

Here the policy in wartime as in peace has never wavered. To guard zealously their reputation of being known as "One of Britain's finest hotels." Telephones —Number 7272—every room. Active Proprietors: Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McInnes.

CREST HOTEL, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX

"A wee bit of Scotland in Sussex." Under the personal direction of Mrs. Eglinton Adams. A fully-equipped first-class Hotel with nearby Golf and Riding. Cocktail Lounge. All-weather Tennis Court. Lift.

CASTLE HOTEL, DEGANWY, North Wales

An excellent hotel for a wartime break. With its fifty comfortable bedrooms, this pleasantly situated hotel on the Conway Estuary offers peacefulness and plenty in the shape of golf, fishing, boating, with bowls and riding nearby. Tel.: Deganwy 83358.

THE RED HOUSE

LEATHERHEAD

Always very popular amongst Business and Retired people because of its accessibility to Town and its comforts. Vacant rooms are few and far between, but they are worth waiting for. Tel.: 2271.

THE COUNTY HOTEL, ROTHBURY

NORTHUMBERLAND

For bracing air and glorious scenery, Good Food, Own Gardens, Fully Licensed, H. and C. all bedrooms, Cocktail Lounge. Telephone and Telegrams: Rothbury 6. A.A.*** R.A.C. and Veteran Motorists.

THE SPA HOTEL, ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

And here is peace. The hotel faces the sun and the South. It stands in a sheltered, health-giving position in 60 acres of park land, immune from all traffic noises; admirably adapted for long-period stays. A FEW GOOD ROOMS ARE AVAILABLE. Tun. Wells 1911.

WALDRONHYRST, SOUTH CROYDON

A residential hotel which provides safety and satisfaction, within ½-hour of West End. But "seeing is believing." 'Phone CROydon 2641, and arrange to view the 40 rooms and the 6 acres of grounds. Terms from 4 gns.

HEADLAND HOTEL

TORQUAY

Though often full, it is an hotel to make a note of should you wish to enjoy quiet luxury midst peaceful surroundings. The Management will welcome advance enquiries.

THE OLD HOUSE HOTEL

WINDSOR

There are occasional bedroom vacancies and always a chance of good food and good wine if you will but 'phone beforehand Windsor 1354. Luncheons 5s. Dinners 5s., and 2s. 6d. House charge.

"I like Saxone because their shoes wear well and stay comfortable — it must be the fit. They even measure both feet for a pair of Footprint shoes."

SAXONE

CIVIL AND SERVICE SHOEMAKERS

40 STRAND, 11 CHEAPSIDE, ETC., LONDON · SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

M 4c

Andy ADAGES No. 15

Better be sure than sorry . . . sure that your hands are immune from cuts, scratches and possible infection when gardening by wearing ANDY Garden Gloves. Flexible, durable and washable, wetting won't harden them. Get a pair today!

"These are the gloves you have heard about."

2/6 per pair from all Ironmongers and Stores, or direct 2/9 post free. (State size and send 1 coupon per pair)

Tedson Thornley & Co., Rochdale

Andy Regd GARDEN GLOVES

WILLS'S Embassy

10 FOR 1½

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

LARGE SIZE- MILD FLAVOUR

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. E.M.26.D

KERFOOT

KERFOOTS

PHARMACEUTICALS

embody the manufacturing experience of over 80 years

VAPEX relieves Colds

CALCIUM-D for Calcium Deficiency

COMPRESSED DRUGS Tablets of every description.

MEDICATED PASTILLES for Throat and Chest Affections

Civilian supplies strictly limited.

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co. Ltd.

Vale of Bardsley - Lancashire

K16

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1944. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

All in one operation

When an officer comes to us for his uniform we can, if he so wishes, equip him at a single operation with every article of clothing he needs—no detail overlooked and every detail properly co-ordinated. In the saving of time and trouble alone, this counts quite a lot to the man whose free hours are limited. It comes to mean still more when he discovers—as all our customers *do* discover—that, with all its diversity, the Austin Reed service remains a specialist service in every department.

AUSTIN REED *of Regent Street*

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES • LONDON TELEPHONE: REGENT 6789

"Quite like home...."

.....to see that little chap here! TANNOY are all over the place on our airfield! And My Gosh, how we curse them at times when we want to get some sleep! However, we realise how indispensable they are, just as no doubt you do."

TANNOY LOUD SPEAKER SOUND SYSTEMS are doing a pretty big job of work with the Services, the Merchant Navy, and war industries. Only priority needs can be supplied now, but present technical research and development will ensure after-the-war leadership for the TANNOY SYSTEM you will need.

"TANNOY" is the registered trade mark of equipment manufactured by **GUY R. FOUNTAIN LTD., Canterbury Grove, S.E.27,** and branches. Phone: **GIPsy Hill 1131**

TANNOY

THE SOUND PEOPLE

GUY R. FOUNTAIN LTD.

The largest organisation in Great Britain specialising SOLELY in Sound Equipment

Famous for over 100 years for BISCUITS

CARR'S of CARLISLE

Send their compliments to all old and new friends and assure them that, following the removal of all Zoning and other restrictions after final Victory, their ever popular Biscuits will be on sale again everywhere.

© C743

RAILWAYS-

-VITAL IN WAR

Essential in Peace

BRITISH RAILWAYS

GWR · LMS · LNER · SR

SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS HAVE THE VALSTAR "777" RAINCOAT — SUPPLIES NOW, HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED

J. MANDLEBERG & Co. LTD
VALSTAR WORKS
SALFORD 6 · Lancs

★ **Vitabuoy** Life-Saving OVERCOAT

★ **Vitabeau** Military and A.R.P. TRENCH COATS

★ MUCH to our regret we are unable to manufacture any more of these wonderful coats. There are still a few available in one or two stores, and if you will drop us a line we will be glad to tell you where you can possibly buy one if you act at once

Vitabuoy Products Ltd.

Beaufort House, Gravel Lane, London, E.1

Telephone: BIShopsgate 6565.

KERSHAW

Many Sportsmen and other users gave up their

KERSHAW PRISM BINOCULARS

in response to the appeal of the Government, and by doing so helped the country over a difficult period. In common with other things which give pleasure to their owners, these instruments are at the present time unobtainable, but they will be available again when we have finished the job we have in hand.

The realisation of your desire to re-possess these instruments will coincide with a return to peace conditions.

KERSHAW PRISM BINOCULARS

like all good things are worth waiting for, and are certainly a good thing to possess for they are the

WORLD STANDARD of QUALITY

Records of all communications referring to these Glasses are being kept for the purpose of contacting the writers at a later date. Shall we add your name to the list?

A. KERSHAW & SONS, LIMITED,
3, EMBASSY BUILDINGS,
GERMAIN STREET, CHESHAM, BUCKS.
(Temporary war time address)
Telephone: Chesham 266

THE 'NO GLAMOUR' BOY

When the post-war airlines encircle the earth *he* won't fly the 'planes. Beautiful damsels will never ask for his autograph. Tourists will never take his photograph. But the men who fly the 'planes, the men who operate the time schedules will know him. He's the Field Service Man. He'll be waiting wherever the 'plane touches down. Ready to refuel, to check and adjust engines and instruments, to do whatever service is needed. When you travel by an airline that uses Field Service expect no incidents. Your only excitement will be the scenery!

FIELD AIRCRAFT SERVICE

A Company of the Hunting Group

FIELD CONSOLIDATED AIRCRAFT SERVICES LIMITED
LONDON OFFICE: BYRON HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.1

C.R.Casson

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1944. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.